

JULIANA

OR THE

Princess of Poland

A TRAGICOMEDY

As it is Acted at His Royal Highness
the Duke of York's Theatre.

By J. Crown, Gent.

Prossio, e bene, di rado riesce bene.

Licenced, sept. 8. 1671.

Roger L'Estrange.

London, Printed for Will. Cademan at the Popes-
Head in the lower Walk in the New-Exchange, and
Will. Birch at the lower end of Chappside, 1671.

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By the Theatre Company.

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1797.

To the Right Honourable

R O G E R

Earl of ORRORY, &c.

MY LORD,

WHat hath introduced the Custom, I cannot tell, whether the extraordinary Favour and Indulgence that Drammatique Poetry hath found amongst persons of the greatest Wit and Honour; or the over-much Confidence of those of our Scribling Tribe, who are willing to assume to our selves the utmost liberty any will give us, or we can with any modesty pretend to; But so it is, that of late, nothing of this kind, though never so inconsiderable, appears in Publique, without some Great and Illustrious Name fixt before it; like a Gigantique Statue at the Portal of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

~~For my~~ *For my* ~~Epistle Dedicatory~~ *Epistle Dedicatory*
by it, that the mighty Powers, to whom their
little Follies are consecrated, should like the Re-
liquies of Saints, work Miracles on the unbelie-
ving Critique of our Age, make 'em distrust
their own understandings, and have an Impli-
cite Faith in every little Priest of *Apollo*, I
cannot resolve; But since it is grown a Cu-
stome, I shall not be so much a *Fanaticke*, as not
to conform to it; or rather shall approve my
self one, in Conforming to a Custom, against
my Judgement, for Interest sake; None of my
Fraternity ever having more occasion to creep
under the shelter of some Noble Patronage than
my self. For first, (*my Lord*) this unworthy
Poem, which I humbly prostrate here at your
Lordships feet, was the Offspring of many con-
fused, raw, indigested and Immature thoughts,
pen'd in a crowd and hurry of business and tra-
vel; interrupted and disorder'd by many im-
portunate, not to say insolent affairs, of a quite
different nature; and lastly, the first-born of
this kind that my thoughts ever laboured with
to perfection. And though I will not under-
take

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take here to reflect any thing upon Elder Brothers, whose usual misfortune is (if the observation of some be true) not to inherit all the Wit, as well as all the Estate, but leave that as a thread-bare portion to the Cadels; yet I will be bold to affirm it true in these matters; and I think the experience of all that ever attempted any thing in this kind will second me. The first-born of some most Florid, and after most successful wits, having been so rude and unshapen, as that they have been kept like witless Elder Brothers, out of company, for fear of shaming their Parents. And though others have been more fortunate in their early Productions, yet few but have had those Slips from their Prune, which their riper thoughts either were, or at least had reason to be ashamed of. And now (*my Lord*) I have told you the faults of this Play, give me leave also to tell you the misfortunes of it (for those two commonly go together.) It had the misfortune to be brought into the world in a time, when the Dog-star was near his Reign, and my Judges sat in a hot Bath, rather than a Theatre, and were doubly per-

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persecuted, by the heat of the weather, and the impertinence of the Poet; and which was the worst mishap, when the most candid, as well as the most Illustrious Judges (I mean the Court) were absent, and (excepting the presence of some Great and Noble persons) this unhappy Poem left (for the most part) to the mercy of a common Audience; in which unguarded condition it might well expect to receive some wounds, and so it did; though much fewer than either I expected, yet such, as it deserved; whether it will survive or no, I know not, nor am concerned at; if it will not, then it gives me good occasion to Apologize for this Dedication, and to tell *your Lordship*, that it receiving its first Life and Being in the World from *your Lordships* favour, and now dying in the corporeal part of it, (I mean the action) the Spiritual and Surviving part of it, ought like its Parent the Soul, to return to him that gave it. And if I may have leave from our rigid Religionists, to prosecute the Metaphor, as in that abstracted State, the Soul is infinitely more happy, than in any it could attain to whilst immersed in flesh & blood, so (*my Lord*) to have any the least residence in

your

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your Lordships thoughts, will be a state of more felicity and honour, than any this Poem, whilst embodied in action, could arrive to by the private or general Applause of the Wits of the World. But now *I* am fallen upon the consideration of *your Lordship*, *I* am plunged methinks into a vast Ocean, where *I* have nothing to determinate my sight, but a bright and Serene Sky full of light, at a vast distance from me, and as vast aheight above me, and no shore but that from whence *I* came, and to which *I* must retire again, to take a safe and pleasant prospect of that which *I* can neither fathom, nor describe. It is indeed the common practice of Dedications, to stuff their Epistles full of *Panegyricks*, not perhaps so much to describe their Patrons, who sometimes are as obscure as themselves, as to shew their own skill in writing Characters and Essayes: But the case is not the same with me; and what may be tolerable enough with them, would be absurd in me; and *I* should fall into the impertinence of those that would write large Encomiums on the Sun, who certainly commends himself to us by his own light and influence, much better than any man can do by his wit. Not so say any thing

(a)

(my

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(*my Lord*) of the Souldier, and Statesman in you, which have rendred you both Known and Famous to all the valiant and politique part of Mankind; that of your *Poetry* is a large Theme, in which perhaps I could expatiate with more successthan on any of the former ; yet I shall not dare to do it for want of Art; and if I could take *your Lordships* heighth, I should but discover the vast distance *I* am scituate in from so bright an Orb ; as Navigators that take the heighth of the Sun, only to find what Degree of Latitude themselves are in. If there be any part of the World so obscure as not to have heard *your Lordships* Fame in that, as well as o-ther respects, *I* shall refer them to a Character of *your Lordship*; not to the praises and applauses of the world in general, nor the *Panegyricks* of lesser Pens, which have alwayes waited on the Tryumphs of yours, as the common Souldiers in the *Roman Tryumphs did on their Generals* ; but to the incomparable issues of your own thoughts, wherein they will see not only a Character of *your Lordship*, but of the present improv'd Genius of *England*, which by the assistance of *your Lordship*, and many Sublime Wits in other Arts, begins to be as famous in
Arts,

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Arts, as formerly it was in Arms; witnesse those new Academies and Societies Erected amongst us for *Philosophical Commerce*, and the improvement of *Language, Wit, and Arts*; Commodities which Forreigne Vertuosoes would have engrossed to themselves, and till of late denyed to be the native growth of this (now in all respects) most happy, and most fertile Island. It is from *your Lordships Pen*, that *Solyman* may be truly stiled Magnificent, and you have made him succeed to the Civility and Gallantry of the *Greeks*, as well as to their *Empire*; nor was *Mustapha* ever so much the hopes of his *Barbarous Nation*, as in his Image and the generous Character you have given him, *he is the delight of England*, who weep the Fate, not of *Mustapha*, but of Murder'd Vertue. And indeed what Pen but *your Lordships* could have refined and softned a Story so Barbarous, and made a people so remote from Friendship, Honour, and Religion, walk disguised in the Highest Characters of them all? It is *your Lordships Pen* that hath assisted *Henry* the fifth in a second conquest of *France*, and in the noblest Characters of Valour, Love, and Friendship, hath made the *English Wit and Language* as tryumphant as

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their Arms: nor could a story acted with so much glory and success, be attempted by any Pen beneath *your Lordship's*. In fine, it is *your Lordship* that hath Charmed up the Ghosts of many Noble *Heroes*, who otherwise would have lain unlamented in their Tombs; And they have walked on the Stage in Brighter Shapes than ever they lived, and have been conducted to their Fates, with more sorrow of the Spectators, then perhaps they had when they dyed. And all this *your Lordship* hath done, not in the pleasure of Shade, Ease, and Retirement, and with the Advantages and Assistances that meaner Spirits are forced to make use of for their Compositions; but they are only the Sallyes of your Pen, and that during the uneasie intervals which pain sometimes borrows from State Affairs; and what a fit of the Gout snatches from the use and benefit, *your Lordship* takes care to employ to the delight and pleasure of the World; and if *your Lordship* can do all this, upon the rack of pain, and with some glances of your thoughts, whil'st the rest like scattered Rayes of Light, are dispersed on various Objects; what would you do with all the Freedom and Ease of other men, and with the united
force

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force of your Soul? But I am sinking again out of my depth, and must retreat once more to that shore from whence I am insensibly wandred; I mean (*my Lord*) to the consideration of my self, and of this worthless Present which I make to your *Lordship*: Which (*my Lord*) I cannot but look with much contempt upon, as being conscious to my self, in what haste and confusion it was composed, and of what *ex-tempore* thoughts the greatest part of it consists: Nor should I have presumed to have usher'd it into the world, under so great a Patronage, had not I first obtained your leave. And now I hope your *Lordship*, that at the hearing of it whil'st it was in loose sheets, was pleased to forgive the faults of the Poem, will now in this address pardon those of the Author, whose chief design is not to gain the name of Poet, Author, Wit, or Critick, but that of

My Lord,

Ofs. 4.
1671.

Your Lordships most humble

and most obedient servant.

JOHN CROWN.

The Names of the Persons.

Cardinal, Governour of Poland, *ex Officio*, } Mr. Harris.
during the *Interregnum*.

Ladislaus, Duke of *Curland*, a Sovereign Prince Feudatory to the Crown of Poland, oft General of their Armies, contracted to *Juliana* in her Fathers life-time, and in an Expedition against the *Muscovite*, was taken prisoner, and carried to *Moscow*. } Mr. Betterton.

Demetrius, a young Prince of the Imperial House of *Muscovy*, in love with *Paulina*, and privately married to her by deceit, the supposing him the Duke. } Mr. Young.

Sbaronofsky, a Count *Palatine*, friend to the Duke. } Mr. Smith.

Offalinsky, Lord Grand Marshal of Poland, and of the Cardinals Faction. } Mr. Bamfield.

Cassonofsky, } Count *Palatines* of the Cardi- } Mr. Sandford.
Lubomirsky, } nals Faction.

Colimsky, A Count *Palatine*, friend to *Sbaronofsky*, and of the Princesses Faction. } Mr. Norris.

Landlord of the house in *Warsow*, where the Duke lay concealed. } Mr. Angel.

Theodore, Servant to the Duke. } M. Actburn.

Alexey, A *Russian* Lord that assists and accompanies *Paulina* in her flight. } Mr. Crosby.

Battista, Servant to *Demetrius*. } Mr. Westwood.

Juliana, Daughter of the deceased King of *Poland* in love with the Duke of *Curland*, and contracted to him before her Fathers death. } *Mrs. Bletterton*

Paulina, Daughter of the great *Tzar* of *Muscovy*, in love with the Duke, and upon a supposed marriage with him, assists him in his escape, and pursues him to *Poland* in the habit of a man. } *Mrs. Long.*

Joanna, Maid of Honour to *Paulina*.

} *Mrs. Shadwel.*

Francisca, } Maids of Honour to *Juliana*.
Emilia, }

Souldiers, Servants, Guards, &c.

The Scene *Warsow* in *Poland*, at the meeting of the *Ban*,
and Arreer *Ban*, arm'd in the field for the Election of a King.

The

The PROLOGUE.

You Judges, Criticks, Wits, and Poets too,
 And whatsoever Titles are your due;
 As pretty Feathers, each in proper place,
 Put altogether, make a pretty face;
 So you good Wits, and you that would be so,
 You all together make a pretty show;
 And when you thus in general Council sit,
 You are the body Politick of Wit:
 Unto you all our Poet bid me say,
 Good faith you'r kindly welcome to his Play.
 'Tis a plain Complement, to speak the truth,
 But you must know he is a modest youth;
 Like Country Gallant just, whom Courtier brings
 To see fine dainty M^{is} — who plays and sings.
 Approaching to'r, poor Gallant falls amumping,
 Scraping o' legs, and feign he would say something;
 And round about the room he slings and skips,
 Whil'st tongue lyes still i'th' scabbard of his lips.
 Just so our Poet usher'd to the door
 To court eoy Wits h'ad never seen before,
 Wits that have all the sparkish Gallants known,
 And tryed th' abilities of all the Town;
 Poor bashful Poet, faith, h'ad got his Play
 Under his arm, and had run quite away,
 Had not we promis'd him to use our skill
 And in'trest w'e'e to gain him your good will:
 Then faith for once, since he's so eager for't,
 Seem kind and coming, though it be for sport;
 Then like some Cully on his wedding night,
 Thinking his Bride lyes raviisht with delight,
 Bestirs his simple self whil'st she lies still,
 Laughs at the Fool, and lets him work his will.
 So will our Poet to't, and work his brain
 To try to entertain you once again;
 And if he mends, you that delight to range
 With every Youth, may use him then for chang;
 If not, e'en buff the Fool, and give him o're,
 Then he perhaps will trouble you no more.

JULIANA,

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ACT THE FIRST.

Paulina sleeping under a Tree; Joanna sitting by and singing—The Scene a Grove and Gardens.

The Song.



*O, behind a Scene of Seas,
Under a Canopy of Trees,
The fair new Golden World was laid;
Sleeping like a naked Maid,
Till alas! she was betray'd:
In such shades Urania lay,
Till Love discover'd out a way:
And now she cries some Power above,
Save me from this Tyrant Love.*

*Her poor heart had no defence,
But its Maiden Innocence;*

In each sweet retiring Eye,
 You might easily descry
 Troops of yielding Beauties flye,
 Leaving Rare unguarded Treasure
 To the Conquerors will and pleasure :
 And now she cries, ——— &c.

Now and then a stragling frown,
 Through the shades skips up and down ;
 Shooting such a piercing Dart,
 As would make the Tyrant smart,
 And preserve her Lips, and Heart.
 But, alas ! her Empire's gone,
 Thrones and Temples all undone :
 And now she cries ——— &c.

Charm aloft the stormy Winds,
 That may keep these Golden Mines,
 And let Spaniard Love be tore
 On some cruel Rocky Shore,
 Where he'll put to Sea no more ;
 Left poor conquer'd Beauty cry,
 Oh ! I'm wounded ! oh ! I dye !
 And there is no power above
 Saves me from this Tyrant love.

Jn. Oh cursed Duke ! *Africa* ne're bred
 A Monster like thee, to forsake my Princess
 After th' a'dit married her, and thus entic'd her
 From all the Glories of her Fathers Court,
 To follow thee, vanquish'd, wandering exile ;
 Unhappy Victory, that brought thee captive
 To *Muscovy*, and more unhappy she
 To sacrifice her heart, her life, her honour,
 To one so false. But I shall wake her, see,
 She starts ! ———
 Her soul is walking in a Grove of dreams,
 And there some mournful Vision entertains
 Her sad despairing thoughts : See ! see ! a Ponyard,
 How came she by that fatal Instrument ?
 She stabs at something ; oh ! she makes me tremble ;
 I'll snatch it from her ! ———

Paul. Oh ! ungrateful man ! ———
 And dost thou then deride at my misfortunes ?
 Is this the recompence of my too fond
 Unfortunate love ? dye in thy Mistress arms,
 Bleed ! fall ! Ha ! gone ! whither ? where am I ?

wakes

Was it a dream?

Jo. She's had some frightful dream
I see. —

Paul. *Joanna*, did nothing pass that way?
Yes, sure there did; 'twas *Curland* and his Mistress,
They embrac'd, and smil'd at me; and then they vanish;
See! there he stands all wrapt in white, that, that;

Jo. Oh! the good heavens, she is grown distracted.
Madam, what i'st you see?

Paul. Look there! there!
Is not that he? that tall and shining thing?
He's dead, and I have wrongfully accus'd him.

Jo. That, that's the Moonshine, nothing else in deed,
A stream of light that glances through the Trees.

Paul. See, now it vanishes.

Jo. And now a Cloud
Covers the Moon; it is no more. Come Madam,
The dewey Vapours of the night are cold;
The shade is melancholly, and the air unwholsome:
Pray to your chamber Madam.

Paul. Ah! never, never
Was any so unfortunate as I,
What shall I do? and whither shall I go?

weeps,

Jo. Oh! do not weep thus, you will break my heart;
I hope the Duke will prove a man of honour yet,
You do not know what accidents have hapned.

Paul. No, no, he's hid in his fair Princess arms:
But perjur'd man, I'll chase thee from thy bowers
Of love; I'll sleep, I'll sleep thy joys in blood,
In thy heart-blood, I'll stab it till the poisonous
Serpentine dew, drops weeping at my feet;
Oh! me unfortunate, what shall I do?

weeps,

Enter Alexey running.

Jo. Poor Lady —

Alex. Madam;

Jo. Whose that?

Alex. 'Tis I, the Princess, is she there?

Jo. The Princess, blunderheaded old Souldier!
Thou wilt betray us:

Paul. Who, Count *Alexey*!

Alex. Oh! Madam, I'm out of breath with running;
The Duke's come.

Paul. What is't thou say'st? the Duke:

Alex. Madam, for certain he was seen this evening,
To'assing a Letter in Count *Sbarnofskys* Coach,

And upon this, the Troops are all alarm'd;
The Cardinal sits close in his Caball.
Orders are issued out to secure his friends,
Chiefly, Count *Sbarnofsky*, and the Princess,
The Guards are drawing up, about the Palace:
In the interim, five thousand crowns are proffer'd
To any one, that will discover him.

Paul. Did I not say, that I should hear some news?

I thought my dream was a forerunner of him,

This news congeals my blood; what shall we do?

Jo. Had we not best go in?

Alex. No, no, the Guards

Are searching every house, and we being strangers

Perhaps may meet with incivility.

Hark, they'r i'th' house already, see, they come

To search the Gardens; Madam, take no notice.

Guard. Come Sir, now we must catechise your Garden.

Land. I, I, do Sir, my Garden's a good boy, he can
say his Catechise.

Guard. Nay ben't so jocular Sir, we have power

To carry you before the Cardinal if we please.

Land. Carry me, and my house too afore the Cardinal if you please
Sir, set us but here again where you found us, and I am contented.

Guard. Here are people, who are you Sir?

Paul. A stranger Sir:

Guard. A stranger Sir, what stranger Sir?

Paul. A Russian Sir; a *Pristaff's* son of *Arangelo*.

Guard. Your name Sir?

Paul. *Basilwich*.

Jo. I see, my Princess hath a quick invention.

Guard. And who are these?

Paul. My servants, Sir.

Guard. 'Tis well, keep in your Lodgings Sir, there must be account
given of you, come to the next house.

Land. Go, and a good riddance on you, here's a pudder, ho! see if
none of my Cups, or Silver Spoons be missing.

Paul. Now all's over, I'll retire to my chamber,

Revenge appears to me in shapes so horrid,

It fright's my soul, call for a light.

Jo. A light for my Master's Landlord,

Land. Ho, there a light for the Gentleman,

Well, how bravely were I made now, could I but light upon the Duke!
five thousand crowns! that is to say, five times ten hundred crowns! most
monstrous, prodigious, Gigantique, Pedantique, unarichmetical Sum; why,
this

this would make me a Duke, well, I'll go to a Conjurer to find him; but hold then, the Rogue will find him for himself. But then I'll make him believe, I am a Conjurer as well as himself, and make him be glad to go half shares. But hark, I hear talking.

Enter Demetrius and Battista, a Porter with a Cloakbag.

Dem. Never was any thing so fortunate,
To hear of him just at my arrival.

I'll into the town and search for him immediately.

Bat. Hold, my Lord, are ye mad? whether do you go?

To rush into a Town throng'd with arm'd men

So late at night, and all the Guards about,

And you a stranger too? come Sir, 'tis time

We rather went somewhere to seek a lodging:

All Inns, and publique houses are taken up,

And for ought I see we're like to lie i'th' streets to night.

Dem. I care not where I lye,

For I cannot rest in body or soul,

Until I find this most ungrateful Duke.

Land. What do these people babbling in my Garden

All this while, and say never a word to me?

This 'tis to let it lye unscen'd;

Dem. Look, I see a man!

And I am got into a Garden here:

Whose there?

Land. Nay, who's there, an' you go to that?

Here's one that hath authority to be here.

Bat. The Master of the house I do perceive,

And by his tone a kind of Letter of Lodgings;

I'll ask the Question;

Sir, we are strangers, newly come to Town,

Could you afford us any room in your house?

Land. I cannot tell Sir whether I can or no;

According as I like you; Bring a light here.

Dem. Nay then we're well enough, take up my rooms;

We're stand agreeing with him, give him twenty

Thirty, forty, a hundred crowns a week, what he

Hath a mind to,

I'll into Town---I grow impatient.

Bat. Oh! heavens, Sir, whether do you go

To rush in armed crowdes so late, a stranger;

Curse on all rashness, I must follow him,

For fear some mischief happens to him.

Landlord, look to the things, provide our rooms;

Exit.

Well

We'll return within this half hour, or never.

Ex.

Land. Ha! gone and left their Cloak-bags with me;

What kind of fellows are these? some High-way men

I know by their haist;

But sure I'm in a dream; is this a Cloak bag?

Let's see what weather 'tis; it doth not rain Cloak-bags?

Come I'll go see what's in it, ho! a light there.

Ser. Here Sir: —

Enter a servant with a Candle.

Land. Nay here Sir.

Here's a Cloakbag dropt i' my mouth,

Come let's see the Entrails of this beast.

A rich Chesticore with Diamond buttons;

Enough, enough, I'm satisfied,

These are stolen goods as sure as I am here.

And now what shall I do with this Cloakbag?

Shall I keep the Cloakbag?—or shall I cry the Cloakbag? or shall I sell the Cloakbag; nay, then I may chance to stretch for the Cloakbag; so I may if I should keep the Cloakbag, if the right owner should come with an Officer, and find the Cloakbag; why then the Devil take the Cloakbag, for never was any one so plagued with a Cloakbag, well, if no body comes to claim the Cloakbag, I'll sell the Cloakbag, buy Land, and marry a Lady with the Cloakbag, and then be Dub'd a Knight of the Order of the Cloakbag.

Ex.

Enter Ladislaus and Theodore: The Scene continues.

Lad. Ungrateful men! and do they thus reward me,

For all the blood I've shed in their defence,

To set my head to sale,

That head which once these flatt'ring Poles would cry

Their State could live no more without then I.

Theo. I wish your Highness had not slung that Letter,

It seems you were discover'd—I'm amaz'd

Which way.

Lad. *Szarnofsky* hath betrayed me?

Thus had he done, had I expos'd my person

Instead of a trifling paper, or had sent thee,

He would have wrackt thee to discover me.

Theo. But I'd have been torn limb from limb first.

Lad. I doubt not thy fidelity good *Theodore*;

I've ever found thee generous and faithful;

More generous then those, whose birth and Grandeur,

Obliges them to higher pretence of Honour.

Good heavens, what's this world! I should have sooner

Suspected

Suspected Angels then the Count or Princess:

Theod. Good Sir, do not discompose your Soul
With these suspicions of your noble friends
'Till you know more.

Lad. My noble friends? ah, *Theodore*,
I have no friends, my fortune, fame, and honour,
Heaven, and Earth, and she whom I adore
Above 'um all deserts me; nothing adheres to me
But my own courage. I see the Count and she
Convert the news of my escape from *Moscow*,
By the generous kindness of the *Russian* Princess,
Into pretences to disguise their falshood;
To ruine my interests, and unite their own,
To marry, and to aspire to the Crown.
All *Poland* sees it; and the Card'nal dreads u'm
Much more then me? and all this great alarm
You'll find, aimes at their lives, as well as mine.

The. Ah I do not credit Sir the common Vogue.

Lad. Come *Theodore*, 'tis true; but that I've learnt
How to command my passions as well as Armies;
And owe more reverence to my own memory,
Then after death to have my head plac'd aloft
On some old Tower, to feed the greedy eyes
Of my proud Enemies, this very instant
Shanofsky's soul or mine, should fleet in air.

The. Well Sir, I say no more, I only beg you
Take into some house, you see what danger
You'r in; the Guards are searching all about,
And here we wander up and down i' th' dark,
Only what sickly light the Moon will lend us.
But Sir, I think we're got into a Garden.

Lad. On the backside of a house; knock, *Theodore*.

Land. Who's there? well, this is not to be endur'd;
Every one gets into my backside:
If my Landlord will not fence it, I'll promise him
I'll do't, and stop it in his Rent, well, whats the
Business with you, now? more Cloakbags?

Theo. Sir, we are strangers---newly come to Town
And are in great want of Lodgings,
If you could furnish us, name your own price,
By this Gold we'll not refuse it you.

Gives him money.

Land. Let's look on you, according as I like you:
By this Gold you have good honest faces,
I have a room for you.

Theo. Thank you Sir, pray, what other Lodgers have you?
We ask you, 'cause we would be very private.

Land.

*Knocks, and
enter Land-
lord with a
light.*

Land. I have none at present but some fiddling women, that come from *Cracow*, to see the choosing of the new King, a young Gentleman and a Cloakbag.

Lad. VVhat doth this fellow mean by this Cloakbag?

Theo. Your Highness hath hap'ned very fortunately.

Aside to

Land. Well, but how did you pass the Guards so late?

Lad.

For here's a heavy pudder about the Duke of *Curland*;

He's come to Town it seems in disguise;

And here's five thousand crowns bid for his head.

Happy man be his dole that catches him;

For my part, I don't expect so good luck,

Five thousand Crowns and a Cloakbag are too much for one night.

The. I perceive this fellow's none of the honestest,

Aside

I! here's a great alarm, what's the matter?

Land. Why Sir, the Duke of *Curland*, look ye, you must know,

VVas a great favourite of the last Kings,

And he contracted him to his Daughter,

And intended to marry him to her, but then it hap'ned

The *Muscovites* invaded us with a great army;

The Duke, Sir, upon a simple quibble of Honour,

Goes General of our Army against 'um,

I was a Corporal under him at the same time.

Theo. De'e hear, my Lord? pray keep your disguise close.

Land. And thought forsooth to have come back in triumph,

And married the Lady, and he was taken prisoner,

And ne're comes back at all.

Lad. That was unfortunate.

Land. Now Sir it seems he hath given 'um the slip out of *Muscovy*, by the help o' the *Russian* Princess, and they are run away together; and here he lies lurking in *Poland* to fit his business; and now all the Ban and the Arrierban, are met arm'd in the field, to choose a King, he's come to Town in disguise, and so there's a heavy buffle, the Cardinal on one side, and the Princess on the t'other, and between u'm both h's got into Lobbs pound, and I am very glad on't; he's but a kind of a pittiful whiffing small-beer Duke; I ne're was drunk thrice in his house, all the time he was here. I can go into the Cardinals Cellar, and tye my nose to one barrel, and my horse to another, and tope who shall tope most for a wager; and he a sneaking hide-bound Duke of a Duke, hates the sight of us true Spaniels, that will take water at any time, dive o're head and ears in Liquor, and he would smell a red nose, as far as a Teale would Gunpowder.

Lad. How am I tormented with this fellow?

Aside

The. He's not to be endured.

Land. And now he's come to Town, to be King, yes he shall be King, when I am Emperor of *Morocco*, or Muster-Master General of

Bantam :

Bautam : we'll ha' no such thin-gut Kings, that shall in half a year dye o' the Gripes, and whilest he lives, shall starve the *English* Beer Merchants, set a Tax upon the Tap, and an Excise upon Rednoses : and there's one Count *Sharnofsky*, too, such another ambitious dry-chops, he hath not the grace to love good drink, and yet he hath the impudence to aime at the Crown. 'Tis true, he doth not goggle at it so plain, as Mr. *Mumpsimus* o' *Curland* doth; but he doth as I do now, he squints at it fearfully, and he hath an *(Landlord squints, and makes grim-faces.)* itch at the Princess too; but I hope the Cardinal will seage 'um all; I hate such ambitious tantalizing Rascals; a loyal boy I have been from my cradle.

Tbe. This Villain, I could kill him.

Lad. Shall I be for ever tortur'd with this fellow?

You'r not at leasure then to shew us our Chambers Landlord.

Land. Yes, yes; come, come :

Ser. Sir! here's the Gentleman about the Cloakbag *(Enter a servant.)*

Land. Oh! Mr. Cloakbag you'r welcome Sir; *(Enter Demetrius,*

Bat. Come Landlord will you shew us our chambers? *(and Battista.)*

Lad. One of my fellow lodgers, see if you know him *Theodore.*

Dem. No news.

Theo. looks upon *Dem.*

Bat. What news can you expect Sir?

Dem. That heaven would be so just to direct me to him.

Theo. I do not know him Sir,

aside to Lad,

And yet me thinks I've seen a face like his
In *Muscovy*.

Lad. Come let us to our chambers.

Landlord we'll follow you.

Land. Stay behind some body

And light the Cloakbag.

Ex. Land. Lad. and Theo.

Bat. Come good Sir, conquer your impatience,
You'll find him soon enough, perhaps on a Throne;

And speedily, he who in passion now

Is proclaim'd Traytor, shall shortly with applause

Be proclaim'd King; this is a Feavourish fit

Of the State-sick Cardinal; nor doth the Duke

Come hither in disguise, on no design.

Dem. But heark thee; when they make him King o' *Poland,*

They will not make him God of *Poland,*

And Immortal; will they?

Bat. No Sir, he'll be Mortal

No doubtr.

Dem. If he'll be mortal I am satisfied.

Go, I am weary, light me to my chamber :

I shall dream o' the Duke!

Ex.

Enter Francisca. The Scene a Room in the Palace.

Fran. Treason, Treason, the Princess will be murder'd.

Em. Oh *Francisca*, what's the matter? *Enter Emilia.*
Here's a noise of Souldiers about the Palace,
And every one runs thricking up and down:
Oh! my heart akes.

Fran. Oh! there's the strangest news.
The Duke's come, and sent a Letter to the Princess
By Count *Sharnofsky*, and all the Towns alarum'd,
The Guards they say are come to search the Palace,
And we're afraid the wicked Cardinal
Designs the Princess death.

Em. Oh horrid Tyrant!
But see, she comes.

*Enter Juliana in her nightgown, with a flaming
paper in her hand, followed by Hypolita, and
Sharnofsky with his sword drawn.*

Jul. Ha! must I dye, for being abus'd, affronted
By that false man? hath he betray'd my honour,
And doth he now throw in his hand Granado's
To blow my life up too? thus in the flames
Thy Scrawle shall dye; and as it pines to ashes,
Then wanders in the wind, so dies for ever
Thy memory in my soul; and if thy image
Appear but to my thoughts, but in a dream,
I'll hate that dream, and I will stab that thought
As I'll do thee, if e're thou dost approach me.
Now call up all my servants, bid 'um arm.

Sh. Ha! sling a Letter, and disguise himself,
What means this mighty caution of the Duke's?
Dost thou mistrust my honour? if thou dost,
I may in just revenge distrust thine;
And let me tell thee, if thou dost design
To wrong the Princess, and surprize the Crown,
I in this tempest will not fall alone,
Thou shalt destroy my fortunes and thy own.

Enter a Gentleman running.

Gent. Madam, the Guards are broke into the Palace, the Common
Hall glitters with naked swords, and hither they are running in confusi-
on; escape, or you'll be murder'd; hark they're come, they've over-
taken me; Madam you're lost.

Jul.

Jul. And let 'um come, I'll look the Villains dead,
And let me see who dare's assassinate

The yet surviving Majesty of their dead King,

Sb. Who dares, shall fall as victims to his shade,

But see, the Count *Colimsky*, hal our friends

Betray us. *Enter Colimsky with his sword drawn.*

Col. Madam, for heavens sake retire

With all the speed you can, your life's design'd;

My Lord Grand Marshal hath Orders from the Council

To seize you both, the Troops are drawing up;

News of the Dukes arrival haunts each ear,

Just like a frightful Spectre; Letters

Are intercepted by the Cardinal

Written by you my Lord, of horrid consequence.

Sb. By me!

Col. By you, to *Dorofensko* General of the *Tartars*

To assist you with fifty thousand men,

Ten thousand *Cassagues* should be sure to second him,

That yad decreed upon a time prefixt

To fire the City, kill the Cardinal,

Dissolve the General *Diet* in the Tumult,

Seize the Crown.

Sb. Monster of Villany,

Thou Scarlet prodigy, *Polands* glaring Comet,

Barbarous Idol, not content with blood,

But must have Kingdoms victim'd at thy Altars!

Almighty powers, I kneel, I kneel, if ever, ever

One thought;

Col. No more I do believe your innocence,

And therefore stole away from the Cabal

To give you intelligence, what horrid Spells

Are made, what Spirits conjur'd up

Against you, in our Magicians Grotto;

And here I've brought a hundred resolute

Young Gentlemen, whose swords shall cut the Charm,

And yet secure the Princesses retreat

And yours; if you'll accept their generous kindness,

Then Madam hasten, let us loose no time;

Each minute now is precious as the *Indies*.

Jul. Pious Cardinal, my Guardian Angel,

Heavenly Tyrant, little thinks my Royal Father

How he hath left me to the Guardianship

Of Dragons that devour me.

Col. Oh undone!

We have lost time, all, all to arms.

Noise of arms without.

Sb. Call up the Princesses servants; arm, arm.

Enter Offolinsky, Caffonofsky, and Lubo, and Guard.

Wom. Murder, murder.

Caffo. Now the long with't for time & my revenge
On the old Tyrant that affronted me;

Is come; but ha? Colimsky here.

Offo. Are you there Traytor?

Col. Are you here, cheated bubbles?

Caffo. This too honest fellow hath prevented us:

You'll answer for this Treason to the General Diet.

Col. With my sword in hand in th' interim

My Princess shall not fall an *Indian Martyr*

Under the Chariot wheels of your great Pagod;

Your Idol shall not have such noble victims.

Sbar. Let us not stand disputing.

Offo. } Seize the Traytors.

Lub. }

Caffo. I, you may say, seize the Traytors, long enough you might have
had the wit to have come with a stronger party. *[All fight; Offo. Caffo.*

Wom. Murder, Murder.

Jul. Oh bloody Cardinal. Royall shade *Lub. retreat fur-*

Of my great Father, hide thy glorious head,

And see not my oppressions.

Enter Col. and Sh. as from victory;

Col. Now all's clear:

My Lord conveigh the Princess by a private way

To the Monastery of *Santa Clara*; there's a Vault

Where you may lie secure for an hour or two;

In th' interim I'll go place a Guard in my house,

And then conduct you thither: my Gardens

Lye just opposite to the Monastery,

And there's a private way, where you may pass secure;

And then for our greater preparations.

Sb. Come Madam,

The tempest is begun, let's bravely through.

Jul. Lead on my Lord,

I'm none of those, who when the storm prevails,

Creep to the winds, and humbly strike the Sails.

The

The Second A C T.

Enter Cardinal, Offolinsky, Cassonofsky, Lubomirsky.

Card. **E** Scap't!

Offo. All betray'd by Count *Colinsky*.

Card. I fear'd as much.

Casso. My Lord, you may remember

He gave us warning with mysterious words

He dropt at Council; I might have had the wit

To have seen it, but I am grown both fool and knave

With keeping knaves and fools company.

Lub. VVith mysterious words

In plain terms he talk't both faucily

And like a Traytour.

Casso. Well said wifdome.

Card. I observ'd him;

And do repent we did not then secure him

But I was unwilling to create

Too many enemies. Well, this news is bad

The Duke arriv'd, the Count and Princess fled

To arms, *Colinsky* turn'd a Partizan

I now foresee a dreadful storm o' blood.

Casso. A storm of thy own creating; but yet I love thee,

Because thou lov'st mischief, though these simple Lords

Have not the wit to see't. *aside.*

Offo. My Lord, all places shall be strictly search't

Houses, Vaults, Churches, Monasteries,

And then by break o' day we'll be ready

To bring our Slaves arm'd into the field.

Then let the tempest blow, this storm o' Fate

Shall overfet the Pyrates of the State. *Ex. Offo. Lub.*

Car. Brave Patriots! may heaven succeed your Loyalty.

Casso. Oh! most noble Cardinal; I am almost as cunning.

A Knave as thy self, and I have one knack more,

To appear, what I am not, one of thy bubbles. *aside.*

Card. Good men, how easily they swallow down

The bait; such honest men are the soft moulds

Wherein wise men do cast their great designs. *Ex.*

Still crost! what ill-natur'd star envies my glory?

Offo

Oft have I built my great designs so high,
 That they have dazzled each spectators eye:
 When to the highest story I should come,
 Even just to have a prospect into Rome,
 To view the Conclave, and o'retop them all,
 And catch the golden fruit, when it should fall,
 Then some unhappy ball, at one rebound,
 Hath thrown down all my projects to the ground,
 And now, as all my policies were ripe,
 And each thing fitted as I had design'd,
 The Duke a captive, and his friends confin'd;
 And I had stole an interest in the State,
 Enough to sell the Crown at my own rate;
 Just on the sudden they are all got free,
 And the whole storm is like to fall on me:
 Such things as these would puzzle humane sense,
 And make one half believe a providence;
 And I confess it staggers me, to find
 My Engines broke, by one that stands behind;
 But all this shall not my designs defeat,
 It is a wife mans duty to be great
 To save the helpless World.
 For they above affect to shew their powers,
 And haughty wisdom, by confounding ours.
 Then heaven we bow; but if that will not do,
 The sword shall give, what I demand from you.
 When Beads and Altars no relief afford,
 The best devotion then is in the sword.

The Scene the Town. A noise within of breaking doors.
 Break down the doors, Peare not for nere: a City Cuckold of 'em
 all.

Murder, murder, call up all our neighbours.

Guard. Hold your babling, or I'll set a pellet in the throat of you.
 I've authority to search your house for the Princesses.

Land. A Princesses Sir, I'de have you to know I keep no such house.
 I keep no Princesses, and so get you from my doors.

Do I pay Tax and Contribution, and the Devil and all, to have my doors
 broken open at midnight to search for Princesses, I'll complain to the
 Council.

Some scalding water there.

How do you threaten fire upon us!

Murder, murder.

Enter

Enter Landlord striking fire with a spark.
The Scene the Common Hall in Landlords house.

Land. Murder! murder! there's murder cryed in the streets, we shall be all kill'd in our beds; ho! where are you all? light a candle; call up all our Lodgers; ho, murder.

Enter Paulina and Joanna.

Paul. Oh! we shall be murder'd.

Land. Here's a Steel hath as much fire in't as is in my tooth.

Enter Alexey.

Alex. Oh! Madam, Madam; I have seen the Duke, he lies in this very house: coming by a Chamber that had a light burning in't, I had a curiosity to look through the Key-hole, and I saw the Duke walking without any disguise, and talking to a Gentleman, his servant I suppose; and instantly hearing a noise, slips on a disguise, took his sword, and here he's coming.

Paul. Oh! thou ha'st surpris'd me: I faint.

Jo. Strange, what a fortune, this.

Al. See this is he. *Enter at one door Ladislaus and Theodore, at another Demetrius and Battista, with drawn swords.*

Land. Why ho, will you bring a light here? sleepy Rascals, are you all dead?

Om. VVhere is this murder?

Land. Nay what know I? all the Guards are about, Horse and Foot, this is about the Duke of Curland; I would I had him by the nose with a pox to him, I'd hold him as strong as Mustard, he might smell to a crust long enough I faith, nor should it be four thousand nine hundred ninety-nine crowns should excuse his head.

Theo. D'ee hear my Lord? this fellow's a Rogue. *aside to Lad.*

Lad. I hear him.

Paul. A damp strikes to my heart at sight of him. *aside.*

Dem. Where are these murders done?

Bat. In the Landlords pate. No other we shall meet withall to night.

Ser. Master: *Enter a servant.*

Land. Master, you Rogue, where's a light? shall we be all-killed in the dark here?

Ser. All's over Sir.

Land. Over or under, Flee have a light Sir, I won't loose my life in the dark, a light I say, whilst I go call up all my people. *Ex.*

Dem. VVhat an impertinent cowardly fellow is this?

Bat.

Bat. Fear Sir, is natural to vulgar spirits.

Dem. VVhat people are those in the room here?

Bat. Your fellow lodgers Sir!

Lad. I do suppose the Guards are searching for me; *aside to Theo.* Perhaps they may break into the house.

'Tis safer being abroad; call for the key of the Garden door; I'll go walk in the Grove. *Ex.*

Alex. Follow, follow, Madam, he's going out.

Bat. Come, my Lord, y'ave slept but little, will you to your Chamber? or walk abroad?

Dem. 'Tis too early yet, hardly day, and I feel my eyes a little heavy, I care not ill take the t'other slumber, and finish the remainder of my dream.

Bat. Had you a dream? I thought you slept so little, you had no time to dream.

Dem. 'Twas a confus'd one; methought I met 'um in a Grove; and in a house I wounded him; she fainted, and they both vanish: and a thousand such wild things.

Bat. This busie soul of ours cannot be idle; It must be doing, and doth it knows not what.

Dem. Come I'll to my Chamber, take t'other slumber, and then in chase of the Duke, and I'll find him if all the arts of hell can discover him.

Enter Ladislaus, Theodore, and Landlord.

The Scene the Gardens; Followed by Paulina, Joanna, Alexey.

Land. Now you may venture to walk in the Garden, all's over; be-
shrew me, I tremble like a quaking pudding.

Lad. How comes your Grove and Gardens to lie open?

Land. How comes a Wench to lie open, and common? when no body will fence her? Your Grandfather, you wonder to hear me say, your Grandfather, I warrant. You must know, I call all my lodgers my sons; and so I being your Father, my Landlord is your Grandfather. Now Sir, your Grandfather is in Law about it, with the Monastery of *Santa Clara*? and did you never see a couple of Hectors fight for a Wench, here I tickle thee, and there I tickle thee; so, so, so, Co' your Grandfather, a homethrust Co' the Monastery? and so they fetch one ano-
ther with whifcum, whafcum, and I know not what; and neither of 'um will suffer it to be fence'd, and so my Garden lies stark naked, with-
out ever a rag to her back; but I keep the poor Jade as private as I can, and suffer none to pass; but those that go between the Counts Gardens and the Monasteries.

Paul. There is no speaking whil' it this fellow's here. *aside*

Lad. What Gardens are those yonder?

Land.

Land. One Count *Colimsky's* Gardens; and at the other end; ah! many fine foakings have I had in his Cellar: There have I sail'd, top and top gallant, all Sails aloft, and bravely boarded the *Frenchman*, the high *Dutcher*, the *Spaniard*, the *Grecian*; then Sir, there hath made up to me, a Fleet of *Algerines*, *Tunis*, and *Salley men* (for so I call the drunken dogs.) A Saile, a Saile quoth I; strike for *Algier* quoth they, strike for *Dantzick* quoth I; then to't we go, and board one another with small shot, pint glasses, and the like; from them we go to Cuddy-guns, and so to Demy-cannon, whole Cannon, and all our lower Teer, Romers of an Ell; and then there's bloody work; here sinks a Galley, there a Gallies; there a stout Frigot turns up his Keel, then high for the main boyes cry I.

The. What a tedious impertinent fellow is this?

Lad. And what high wall is that, that faces to the Counts Gardens?

Land. That's the Monastery wall I told you of.

Paul. Will this fellow never ha' done?

Lad. You don't know who those young Gentlemen are, that lodge in your house, do you?

Land. Not I, they are pretty youths, strangers, speak but bad *Polish*; I askt 'um when they came, *Rosmepopolsky* said I, no *Rosmepopolsky* quoth they; but one may make a shift to understand 'um.

Lad. How came you to have any room in your house, at so great a concourse as this, of all the Nobility and Gentry of *Poland* with their Trains, for the election of a King?

Land. How came my neighbours wife to have any room in her? she was delivered of a boy, and my big-bellied house of a man; and both were brought to bed yesterday morning; the great Count *Palatine of Smolensko* (if you know him) lodged here; and he whipt out o' town upon some bickerings betwixt him and the Cardinal: he told the Cardinal his own, he made a most brave mutinous speech in the *Diets*, which is highly applauded; I have a Copy on't in my pocket.

Lad. No matter for the Copy Landlord.

The. This fellow's tongue hath the perpetual motior; Good my Lord, rid your self of him? *aside to Lad.*

Lad. Well Landlord, I have a little business with my servant, you'll excuse me.

Land. I think I ha' lost the Copy of this same Speech, I must run in to find it I'll be back presently. *Ex.*

Theo. Heaven be prais'd!

Paul. So now I'll venture to him.

Jo. Do, and we'll stay behind. *Ex. Jo. Al.*

Theo. Ha! who's this follows the Duke?

My Lord, retire, here's some one follows you. *to Lad.*

Lad. Some of the lodgers for the morning's air.

Thos. No, no, my Lord, he makes directly to you!

Lad. I think he doth, as if he'd speak with me.

Paul. My Lord.

(*goes up to the Duke.*)

Lad. To me Sir?

Paul. Yes, to you my Lord;

Come make it not so strange, I know you well enough.

Lad. Oh! heaven's, betray'd.

Paul. Nay, be not startled Sir;

I've no design but what is honourable.

Lad. Surely you do mistake your person Sir;

I'me but a stranger here.

Paul. I know you are not Sir,

You lately came out of *Muscovy*;

You were a pris'n'r there Sir, were you not? yes Sir, I'me sure you were, and your name is *Ladislaus* Duke of *Curland*.

Lad. Hal he names my name,

How came I thus discover'd?

Paul. So 'tis he;

Now I have born him down with confidence.

Lad. I know him not, but since he names my name,

Let him be Man or Devil, Friend or Enemy,

I'll not disown it Sir, I am *Ladislaus*

Duke of *Curland*; what's your business with me?

Paul. That Letter Sir, that Letter will tell you.

(*Gives the Duke a letter*)

Lad. Whence is this?

Paul. Read, and you'll see.

Lad. Hal (subscrib'd *Demetrius*:

peruses it.)

What, is this from *Muscovy*? where's the Prince?

Paul. The Letter Sir, will tell you.

Lad. (*Reads*) I am now at the Frontiers of *Poland*; my Errand you your self may conjecture, and I had rather tell you with my Sword than my Pen; which I had done, if an unhappy accident had not confin'd me to a small Village, and my Chamber; and enforc't me to make use of the kindness of the bearer, my Cousen, the Duke of *Novogrod*, to seek you. The acquaintance you have had of my temper, will easily give you to believe, that I had rather fight ten battles, then write six lines, and therefore you must not expect long Epistles from me. Then in short you have abus'd me with dissembled friendship; affronted and ruin'd me, by stealing away my Princess; your crimes are un-expiable by any thing but your life, which I expect you tender me on the point of your sword. The circumstance, as of time, place, and weapon, I refer to your self; and you may acquaint my Cousen the Duke, whose return from you, I expect with impatience: *Demetrius*.

Lad. The Prince is very severe, and his charge is high..

Paul. Sir, I suppose he hath reason.

Lad. That he ought to have been assur'd of, ere he had condemn'd his friend..

Paul.

Paul. Well Sir, in short, your answer.

Lad. My answer is Sir, that the Prince hath wrong'd me,
I've not abus'd him with dissembled friendship,
Nor stole his Princess; she remains with him
For ought I know, so may my friendship too;
It pleases him; —

Paul. Oh heavens! how unfortunate
Am I in my love? see, he disowns my flight;
And he'll disown the marriage too, and I
Shall pass for some base prostrate thing.

Lad. You seem disorder'd Sir.

Paul. I am disorder'd Sir at what y'ave said, I only thought before
the Princess lost to all her friends and fortunes; but now 'tis worse, I see
she's lost to honour, and fallen into the hands of one that basely disowns
her.

Lad. You are too quick and fierce in your assertions Sir.

Paul. No fiercer Sir,
Then the case merits: Had you own'd her flight,
And own'd a marriage too, it had been honourable;
For upon other terms she would not flie;
But let me tell you Sir, in the same breath
In which you disown her flight, you little less
Then call her Strumper.

Lad. Do you come here young Duke, to talk or fight?

Paul. Sir, which you please,
To fight; now that I had a Furies whip
To tear thy heart, and scourgethy perjur'd soul.

Lad. Must it be so?

Jo. Oh! murder, murder.

Enter Joanna, and Alexey.

Alex. Hold, hold your hand Sir, save that tender life,
Here is an enemy more fit for thee.

The. What Villains are these?

Lad. Ha! an ambush.

Paul. Begone, what mean you to betray me thus,
I am but humouring my part; retire;
These are my servants Sir, regard 'um not,
I'll play you no foul play; retire I say.
Come, come my Lord, let us put up our anger;
This time and place are not convenient
For this; besides I exceed my Commission in't.
I should displease the Prince to take your life,
And grieve him to loose my own; come let us talk:
By all that's good I honour you:
And do believe you'll tell me sacred truth,
Then tell me truly, by the faith and honor
Of a brave man, do you know where the Princess

draws aside

draws

aside to Jo. Al.

to Lad.

to Jo. Al.

puts up

Is fled? and are you married to her, or no?

Lad. Then by those sacred things, by which you conjure me, by any thing that's more Divine than they, I know not of her flight, nor am I married to her.

Paul. Walks up and down in a passion and disorder.

Lad. Oh! horrid, horrid; I shall sink and die. — *aside.*

Lad. Sir, you look pale, how do you? — *aside.*

Paul. I could find in my heart to stab him. — *aside.*

Lad. Your countenance changes Sir, I fear you're ill, and but dissemble it in complaisance — pray let me wait upon you to your Chamber.

Paul. No, good my Lord, no Ceremony pray, — *aside.*
Sweet natur'd Devil.

Enter Sharnofsky conducting Juliana, followed by Hypolita, Emilia, Francisca, the Women all Vizarded.

Lad. Ha! what is't I see? It is a Vision; Count Sharnofsky conducting a Lady out of yonder Monastery, she and her Train all Mask'd; what should it mean? my Lord, I beg your pardon, I'll wait on you instantly.

Paul. Oh! my sweet Lord, — *Ironie.*
Ho there!

Jo. } Madam, the news. *to her Joanna, Alexy.*
Al. }

Paul. Curland's a Monster.

Al. I'll run and kill him!

Paul. No, let me alone, I'll kill him, but it shall be with torments; Steel, Poison, Fire, Racks, Scorpions, Hell; oh me unfortunate!

Jo. She's grown distracted.

Paul. Lead me, I faint.

Jo. She swoones, help, help. *they carry her out.*

Al. Who should these be?

The. Who're these my Lord, is gazing on so earnestly? ha, it should be his friend the Count; but what's that Vizard Lady? see, she unmasks.

Jul. Where are we now my Lord?

Shar. I'm sure, not far from Count Colimskyes Gardens.

The. It is the Princess.

Lad. Heavens! 'tis my Princess!

'Tis she, 'tis she, my guilty soul retires

At th' apparition of that bright Divinity

Which my soul whispers I have now offended.

Just so a suffering Saint that long had bin

Triumphant over all the Arts of Sin;

And

And in all combats made a brave defence,
 And still prefer'd entire his innocence;
 But yet at last, before he is aware
 Begins to slide into some pleasing snare :
 By heaven surpriz'd his soul, is then afraid
 Of joys for which he had endur'd and pray'd.

Sh. I see the Garden gate; this, this way Madam.

(*Ex. Sh.*

Lad. Ha! vanquish'd thus, heavens unfold this Mystery;
 It is too dark for me, and I must follow
 To see the opening of this cloudy Scene.

(*Jul. &c.*

Ex.

The. See, my Lord chafes me; I dread the event,
 I wish some Mist had screen'd this horrid Vision from his sight.

Ex.

Enter Sharnofsky, Juliana, Hyp. Em. Fran.

The Scene a Garden; at the one end a Palace.

Jul. Heavens! in what shady path's my fortunes leads me? And must
 I hide my head in Natures Nunnery, among these Virgin flowers to save
 my self

From him, who now thought he so proud can be,
 Hath often for his safety fled to me?
 Now would it grieve me; if I did but know
 For what it is, he persecutes me so;
 Or how I ever did offend this proud
 Aspiring Man, that he should seek my blood.

Sbar. The Tyrant, Madam, thinks the Duke and you,
 Do all his towering policies undo;
 And then his active brain wants no design,
 The strongest innocence to undermine;
 Then for the State, he doth bewitch their sense
 VVith the love-powder of his eloquence;
 His sliding tongue doth with its charming strains,
 Like a smooth Serpent coyle about their brains,
 And with its sting not only taints the blood
 Of fools and bigotts, but the wise and good;
 But yet in spite of all such arts as these,
 VVe'l darken his proud Starrs, and on his knees
 Yet make him (er'e w' have done this fatal strife)
 At these fair hands, thus humbly ask his life.

*At the instant that Shar. kneels to kiss her hand,
 Lad and Theo. enter.*

Lad. Heaven blast my eyes, rather then see this sight,
 I'me abus'd; Villain.

Theo. Oh my Lord, what mean you?

*draws;
 holds the Duke
 Lad.*

Lad. Loose me *Theodore*, or thou diest!

The. I die, ah Sir, 'twill be a fate too glorious to die by your hand, thus saving of your friend.

Sbar. Hark, I hear a noise.

Hyp. See, see, the Guard.

Jul. Flye, I command you flye? we are betray'd.

Jul. pulls Sbar. who retreats with his sword in hand, the women run off shrieking.

Lad. See, shee entices him; and the Coward flies,

And hast thou lost thy courage with thy honesty?

This man was valiant once, I've now done more

Then I have seen whole Armies do before:

But guilt now so unman's him, that he flies

What once he had the courage to despise:

But I'll pursue thee to thy base retreats,

Ha! the Gates fastened, are they barricadoed?

Fetch me a Torch, I'll fire my way to 'um,

And kill him in the arms of that false woman:

Yea rage perhaps, may tempt me to destroy

Her, whom I once thought heaven to enjoy.

The. Oh! how his passion, like a clap of Thunder, rends her great soul; but ha, they fire upon us, my Lord, you will be shot; a shower of bullets flies from each corner, see some Musqueteers upon the Battlements, the fatal Hail falls thick.

Lad. Poor men, how dangerously they stand against so numerous an Army? how bloudily they wound the drooping flowers?

The. A flight of arrows

Covers the Garden with a poyson'd shade;

And one just glanc't your side, you're shot, you bleed.

Lad. I feel it not.

The. 'Tis fallen at your foot;

Shot from some *Tartars* bow, curse on the slave;

The horse-fed dogg; oh, let me suck the wound,

For fear the Dart was venom'd.

Lad. Ha, I bleed;

Indeed these are *Juliana's* Darts of love,

Thank you kind Princess: Come then *Theodore*,

I will retire, I ought not to resign,

T'each common shaft, a life so great as mine;

No, perjur'd woman, I will live to have

Such a revenge as shall be great and brave;

Suiting thy birth, and mine, and be above

My injur'd honour, and affronted love:

And when I've done, I'll make my last retreat

To her, that never hath deceiv'd me yet,

Honour, a Mistress worthy of my mind,

Both fair and great, as thou, and far more kind.

Ex. — — Enter

Enter Juliana, Sharnofsky, Hypolita.
The Scene a room in Colimsky's Palace.

Jul. Fire on 'um still.

Sb. I can descry but two from the Terrace walk.

Jul. They 'r hid behind the trees.

Enter Francisca

But see th' affrighted Maids.

and Emilia running.

Em. Oh! out of breath, w've been pursued by such a crew o' Rogues!

Fran. I indeed Madam, there was Horse and Foot,
 I was pursued at least by twenty Pikemen.

Em. And sixteen Musqueteers ran after me.

Jul. The Count—my Lord, did you not meet the Guards?

Col. Not I.

Enter Colinsky.

Jul. Then sure we 'are pursued by fantomes.

Col. Well Madam, I've had fortunate success,

And rais'd a Force very considerable

For the small time I had to do it in;

I find the young Nobles, and many Commons,

And almost all the Ladies, highly sensible

Of your great wrongs, and ready to engage with you:

Madam, in short, fear not the Cardinals threats;

But above all things trust not his promises:

Hell's not so false Madam; you can but die,

And you had better bravely give your life,

Then be deluded out on 't; but I hope

You'll be constrain'd to neither, if a wall

Of fifty thousand bucklers can protect you.

Jul. Blest news! let's arm; I will have Poland see,

My Fathers Royal Soul survives in me.

Ex.

The Third A C T.

Enter Paulina, Joanna.

Paul. **M**arry a Lady o' my quality, and then deny the marriage!
 Oh perfidious ungrateful man! and was it then for this
 trampled on my self, my Honors, Fortunes, run on the pikes of my great
 Fathers

Fathers anger, bestow'd thy life, when all thy friends abandon'd thee, and for thy sake am now become a poor and wandering Exile; and thou thus reward me, basely abandon me? oh horrid, horrid, weep, bleed, die, fall at my feet thou Tyrant, quick, quick, or see this Steel is in thy heart.

Jo. How wild she looks, and talks, oh my poor Princess, how deadly pale she is? now weeps again.

Paul. What shall I do? in a strange Country here, Expos'd to shame, yet strangled if I return, death waits me at home, disgrace and ruine here;

Like a poor Ship thus lab'ring in a storm, I view the angry Ocean, o're and o're, And see a thousand Waves, but not one Shore,

Jo. Oh, that I were a Witch to torture him!

Paul. To night he dies: where is *Alexey* gone?

Jo. Gone out to see what means these strange confusions, shouts, clamours, cries, billows and tydes of people flowing in the streets, calling to arms, to arms.

Paul. *Alexey* knows his Chamber: then to night, When weariness betrays him to his rest, And he lies Coffin'd in the Vaults of sleep, Haunted with mournful dreams, I'll to his bed, Unwrap his breast, and torment his heart; Here runs a vein of courage, there of frailhood, This Fiber shews him man, but that a Devil, Then if he groans, or else with chafing eyes, Shall sigh a prayer, I'll stab it as it flies, And beg of heaven both soul and prayer may, To those blest Regions, never find their way; But then lest heaven should deny my prayer, I'll kill my self, even to torment him there;

Enter Alexey.

Alex. Oh Madam; there's the strangest news abroad, The Princess and the Count are up in arms,

Poland's in a blaze, all's in confusion,

The General Diet's equally divided,

And millions of reports fly to and fro;

Some say they design to Crown the Duke;

Others to murder him, and Crown themselves.

The Duke lies sick of an Invenom'd wound,

But more of jealousy; I listened at his Chamber, and heard him groan of both; his soul is bubbling, a little heat would boyle him to a height.

Paul. Ile go, Ile go Ile sting his poyson'd soul,

Put fire under his heart, Ile boyl him, boyl him,

Till in his rage, he sends and kills his friend,

His Mistress, and himself, when we'll be merry;

Be

Be jolly, carouze, drink health in their blood,

Jo. Our Landlord too 's a talking News-monger, I'll go and stuff the fools Cranny with all the rascally news I can invent.

Paul. Do, all tools shall help; there's nothing now

So base, I would not do to have revenge:

Revenge to me, doth even seem above

Celestial joyes, or the delights of love.

Ye Powers! —

Let but revenge give me one minutes ease,

And cast your other joyes to whom you please.

Enter Offolinsky, Cassonofsky, Lubomirsky, and their Trains, at several doors running in confusion. Two Gentlemen. The Scene the Town.

Om. To arms, to arms!

Offo. Not mounted yet my Lords; the Cardinal is ready to march into the field.

Casso. Heaven speed his Eminence, I hope he is in his Coach; for if he was a horseback, and his horse trotted as high as his designs, he would jolt the old mans bones. *aside*

Lub. I thought what would become of these violent proceedings.

Casso. So here's *Machiavel*, Policy in the abstract; the wind of t'other party blows a little dust in's teeth, and he wheels about. *aside*

Offo. You thought, were not you as forward as any one?

Casso. So Blunderbuss, my Lord Grand Lubber; be sure if there be any simple knavery, thou wilt be forward enough in it, but thou want'st wit to be an ingenious knave; and yet this fool got the Marshal Batton from me, thank the good King. *aside*

Lub. As forward as any one? no, I was not as forward as any one Sir.

Offo. I hate this.

Lub. Well, and I hate Sir.

Offo. Nay Sir, be'n't so passionate, farewell to you; I'll stand by the Cardinal my self.

Casso. So, these Lords will go to cuffs about State you shall see; come my Lords, no dissentions, we have enemies enow.

Lub. Sir, I am as ready to draw my sword i'th' Cardinals defence, as he can be.

Casso. No doubt, no doubt my sweet noble Lord, all the world knows you'r Royal, Wife, and Valiant. My sweet Count Simpleton, all the world knows you to be a Coxcomb, and so do I: well, I am so out o'humour, I could hate all mankind.

Offo. Then what need all this quarrelling among our selves?

Casso. Enough o' this my Lord; I must reconcile 'um for my own ends, or elle they might fight and hang. *aside* Well, what shall we do with these impertinent women that are engaged against us?

Lub. Is your Lady amongst 'um my Lord?

Cass. I, I have an impertinent Hen amongst 'um, that would crow o're all the Cocks in the Kingdom, if she could.

1. *Gent.* Sha's reason, for half the Cocks in the Kingdom have crowed o're her. *aside*

Off. They'll have the wit to keep out o' dander. By this time the Cardinal is ready, bid 'um sound to horse. *Ex. Offo. Lub.*

Cass. So, thus am I forc't to soader 'um together to keep our rotten building from falling in pieces, till I requite the kindness of the King upon his Daughter, for opposing me in all the Offices of State, I stood candidate for, Great Seal, Gold Key, preferring these; and every Phlegmatick fellow before me; and now 'tis I have rais'd all this storm, and the overwise Cardinal thinks to make me a Tool in his Design, and I make him an Instrument in mine. *Ex.*

2. *Gent.* This is pretty, the women in arms; ha, ha! is thy Mistress amongst 'um, she with the high Roman Nose?

1. *Gent.* I, and thine too, she with the low flat *French Nose*.

2. *Gent.* Ha, ha, how I shall laugh to see the little pretty uptails come to make a home-thrust at a man; prethee let's follow our Lords, and see this desperate Camp.

1. *Gent.* But first let's arm, back and breast, bodkin proof.

Enter Juliana, Hypolita, Emilia, Francisca, and Ladies in Hats, Feathers, Vests, &c. with gilded Pole-axes in their hands, followed by Sharnofsky, Colimsky, and Guard at a distance, Demetrius and Battista, as among the crowd. The Scene a large Pavilion.

Dem. Not one face here that doth resemble his.

Bat. My Lord, you'll be observ'd.

Dem. Stand back Battista? I'll view 'um all; and if thou dost provoke me, I'll fight 'um all.

Jul. Let all the gazing crouds withdraw, and place strict Guards about the Tents.

Bat. Come let's withdraw in time among the crowd.

Dem. I'll not withdraw, *Curland* is among 'um, And I will make their close Cabal deliver him.

Bat. Yes, yes, be cut in pieces by the Guards.

Guard. Avoid the Tent all, all.

Dem. Slave, who do you speak to?

Guard. Ha Sir, who are you?

2. *Guard.* Cleave his head.

Bat. Hold Sir, for heaven's sake.

Shar. } What Mutiny's that?
Col. }

Guard. A Traytor, comes to murder the Princess.

Jul. A Traytour?

draws

interposes

Dem.

Dem. A Traytour, your Mercenary slaves.

Bat. Oh Gods, what work is here ?

Shar. Deliver, Sir !

disarms Dem.

Jul. Who employ'd you Sir, on so wise an errand ?

Dem. A thing, which I'm afraid *Poland* ne're heard of yet, cal'd Honour; 'tis to seek a person hid in your false Cabals, as false as they.

Jul. The youth's distracted.

Bat. This generous person is but a stranger, one of high quality, and only comes in curiosity to see th' election.

Dem. Sirrah, you lie; I come to seek the Duke, and I will have him here, or fire their Tents about their ears.

Jul. He is a little craz'd, he hath his liberty, convey him home, and send for one of my Physicians to him.

Bat. I humbly thank your Highness.

Dem. Am I your Buffoone then ? send your Physicians to me.

Sh. Go young Sir, another time you shall be welcome hither, at present Sir, indeed you must excuse us.

Dem. Take notice Sir, I will revenge th' affront when y'are a King, at present you are all beneath my anger.

Ex. Dem. Bat.

Col. What a mad fiery youth is this ?

Jul. And now must I with humble patience wait

Upon this Scarlet Minister of Fate,

Who comes with slow and a Majestick pace

To speak a Princes doom with greater grace,

And with a specious gravity to hide

His Trayterous design, and haughty pride ?

Yes : — To his Grandeur, I owe more esteem,

I at his own Cabals should visit him :

And if he staves, perhaps I shall prevent

With fifty thousand swords his complement.

In th'interim I'll divertize my self and these noble Ladies ; Command

my Musick to sing a song of Triumph :

Fierce and Heroick tempers cannot stay,

To Court a Victory with long delay,

Like a dull Bridegroom for his wedding night,

But conquer and triumph, and then they fight.

The Song.

*Awake, awake, thou warlike Genius of our State,
who once didst glorious things ;*

But hast of late

Lain sleeping under drouzy Kings ;

Arise, and on triumphant beauty wait :

See, see, he comes,

Row'd with the noise of Trumpets and of Drums,

*The Aire all flaming where'so'ere he went,
And now he hovers o're our Princess Tent:*

2.

*Fair Amazon, the day's thine own,
Thine enemies look pale to see thy warriors stand
Impatient for thy great command,
Whose looks do make the fainting villains groan;
And by and by*

*Shall on the Altar of the field
Ten thousand Victims lie.*

*Then Church and State
Shall on thy Triumphs waite,
Mitre and Crown*

*Shall as thy feet lie down
To flatter thy Victorious charmes;
Away to Arms, to Arms.*

Enter an Officer.

Off. Madam, the Cardinal's come into the Feild, and all the Lords that joyn with him.

Jul. The Lords, and doth his piety distrust
Heaven's protection of a cause so just?

*But he good man, though he is arm'd with prayer,
And hath Battalions Marshall'd in the aire,
Yet will make use of other Guards beside,
And rather will in temp'ral Arms confide:*

*My Lord Sharnofsky, draw up the Squadrons of horse into Battalia, I'll
head 'um my self in person.*

Col. We have a braver appearance then could b' expected on so little
warning.

Enter another Officer.

Off. Madam, the Cardinal desires to treat in person with you, and
demands caution, for the security of himself and those that shall attend
him.

Jul. Let sufficient caution be given.

Sb. Open to the right and left to make way for the Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal, Offolinsky, Cassonosky, Lubormisky, and Train.

The Cardinal looks about and smiles.

Card. The women arm'd! then sure w're all mistaken;

This.

This preparation's only made
For some great Masquerade.

Jul. A Play, 'tis only to divert you, Sir,
And call'd, The downfall of the Cardinal.

Card. And was it this, you and your Mighty Poets
Have so long studied on? The Plot's too mean
For such great wits, and such a mighty Scene:

An usurp'd Crown a better plot would be
For arm'd Tragedians, such as here I see;

And if we make inquiry, we shall find

'Twas such a Plot your Poetry design'd:

And to deny it Madam, is in vain,

For we have searcht your Vaults, and found your Train:

And 'twill but set you higher on the score

To justify your ills, by doing more;

But if in this contempt you will proceed,

Then thank your own ambition if you bleed;

You are an Orphan, so is the Kingdom too;

And no less trusted to my care than you.

Jul. How blest am I, with this great State to share

In such a holy Guardians pious care,

Whose thoughts are busied for me night and day,

That my good Angel may have leave to play:

Whose love to that Romantique height is flown,

That he to save my soul would lose his own:

For though in complement he seem'd to approve

The little youthful vanities of love;

And did my Marriage with the Duke advance,

To shew the King and me his complaisance;

Nay more did to my dying Father swear,

Our mutual loves should be his chiefest care:

He had a far more heavenly intent,

And swore in Courtship what he never meant;

For he, who from his youth hath understood

The pleasing Mysteries of flesh and blood,

And knows how seldom those that are in love

In their embraces think of joys above:

He therefore charitably breaks his oath,

And becomes perjurd to preserve us both.

Card. I am not ignorant what you design,

By Ironyes like these, so sharp, so fine;

'Tis true, I promis'd I would ever bear,

Even of your loves, a most Religious care;

And that I would endeavour to redeem

The captive you did then so much esteem,

And faithfully engag'd when that was done,

I would compleat the vows you had begun;

Things

Things good and just like these I vowed to do,
 But not to uphold you in all evil too ;
 I did not swear if you should both combine,
 To return the State to share in the design ;
 Though with my honour you so pleasant be,
 And think to laugh me into perjury ;
 Sport with me, Madam, as your scorn thinks fit,
 We can distinguish innocence from Wit ;
 And if I'm perjur'd, Poland then shall know
 Their safety did require it to be so :
 For know my Lords, th' ambitious Duke and he
 Whom I have injur'd, as she charges me,
 Have fought this Crown by Treason to obtain,
 Which by just wayes they did despair to gain ;
 And to all Princes have addressees made,
 The Commonwealth by fire and sword invade,
 Seeking that Throne which they despair to enjoy
 By mean revenge and envy to destroy ;
 And here their Partizans do seek by stealth
 To gain upon the sleeping Commonwealth.
 And now to stop so evil a design,
 Stepping to take the Actors in the Mine ;
 Enrag'd their enterprize should hinder'd be,
 They strive to blow up both themselves and me.

Sbar. No more (proud Priest) how dar'st thou at this rate
 Sport with a Princes, and a Kingdomes Fate :
 And charge us boldly with this black intent,
 When as thy conscience knows we're innocent
 But thou whose valiant conscience never fears
 To rife Urns, and sell an Orphans tears,
 To break thy Oathes made to a dying King,
 Must have a soul debauch't for any thing.
 Alas poor man ! here are ten thousand eyes
 That see thy plots through all their vain disguise :
 Poor vulgar spectacles can sit at home,
 And read thy darkest policies at Rome ;
 At Rome, the Market for thy Royal ware,
 Thou chaffer'st Poland for the Papal Chair,
 And here thou striv'st to beat that Interest down,
 Which spoils thy trading for the tripple Crown :
 Nay more, for fear thy Chapmen there should fail,
 Thou to all Princes set'st this Crown to sale.
 'Tis plac'd upon thy private Stalls,
 And cheapned in thy dark Caballs :
 No Pacquets come, nor envy doth resort,
 But brings thee pelf from every Christian Court :

And

And not a Princely Suitor sends to woe,
 But thy good will must first be courted too,
 Each Royal youth of *Europe* panting lies,
 For fear the Cardinal his consent denies.
 And now because some cannot beare to see
 A Priest make Merchandize of Royalty ;
 That Money should the Throne invade,
 And turn the Crown into a Trade ;
 He all impending evils to prevent,
 Accuses us, to be thought innocent.

Car. Well Sir, then since you have so good a cause,
 Repose your life and honour in the Laws ,
 Deliver your self unto the State, and I
 Will lay my Maces and my Scarlets by,
 And from my Office, waving all pretence,
 VVill to the State submit my innocence :
 Then let the *Diet* freely try
 VVhich is the Traytor, you or I.

Offo. 'Tis bravely spoken.

Lub. Greatly like himself !

Casso. Knavishly like himself.

Sb. Agreed, here bind my hands ?

Jul. My Lord, you shall not ?

Sbar. His Proposition's fair ; the Cardinal
 Never preach't any thing so much Divine,
 And let no blood be shed, but his or mine.

Jul. 'Tis all deceit, through you he aims at me,
 That he my *Fathers* Throne might freely invade,
 And proudly triumph o're his Royal Shade ;
 But that he shall not do whil' st I've a hand
 To hold a Spear, and Armies to command.

Card. And Madam, do you think that fate is amorous ?
 Or to find any Courtship from a bullet ?

They like raw travellers court all they meet ;
 Nor can we send a Guide to give advice
 VVhom to respect, but let 'um take their choice.

Jul. Their rugged Courtship Sir I shan't deny,
 Send them abroad, and give them all supply,
 That may defray the charges of their flight,
 Draw bills of death, they shall be paid on sight ;
 I will your faithful correspondent be,
 And pay as fast as you can draw on me.

Card. Madam, I'm sorry you resolve t' expose
 Your self, and such a lovely Guard as those,
 To all the sad uncertainties of Fate,
 To try your skill in fencing with the State ;

Card. parry shows,

aside

For

For justice at a Traytours life doth lie ;
 And when it makes a pass, you put it by ;
 But if the sword doth hap'to run astray,
 Then thank your self for standing in the way.

Ex. Card. Offo. Casso

Lub. shouting, and waving their Fauchions.

Jul. Come valiant friends ; the talking Prologue's done ;
 The Curtain's drawn, the mighty Play's begun :
 The Musick of the field in Martial rage
 Calls us to enter on this fatal Stage ,
 Where each brave man shall doubly have applause ,
 Crown'd by his courage, and his glorious Cause ;
 A Cause more glorious there cannot be ,
 I for the Kingdom die, and you for me.

*Ex. Jul. and Train shouting
 and waving their Poleaxes.*

*Enter Theodore, and a Surgeon.
 The Scene the Dukes Chamber.*

The. Offer to let my Master go out in this condition?

Surg. I could not hold him Sir, he would go out whether I would
 or no ; but there's no danger , his wound's not great, nor was the ar-
 row venom'd, as first you fear'd.

The. Oh ! he'll hear all the news ,
 And then I tremble at the consequence.

aside

Now comes this babling rascal.

Enter Landlord.

Land. Nay, I thought 'twould be as I said, the Count is to be King,
 and marry the Princess : How now, where's your Master ? I've news
 for him.

The. Get you gone with your news you prating bufflehead , or I'll
 set you down stairs ; come here with your news?

Land. Prating Bufflehead ; and you'll set me down stairs ? do you
 know who you speak to, Sirrah ? come, come, you lie, you lie, you don't
 know who you speak to ; and you'r drunk Sirrah, you would not talk to
 me at this rate else Sirrah ; get me down stairs with my news Sirrah, I'd
 have to know, the best men in the Kingdom are glad of my intelligence,
 you drunken rascal you.

The. Yes, no doubt you have all the intelligence——pray Mr. Corantoe-
 Master-General, what may your Envoyes and Spies in Forraign Courts
 cost you yearly ?

Land. What may they cost me Sir ? pray what may your Envoyes
 and Spies which you maintain with the Duke of Gally-pots, Count Pa-
 latine o' Glister-pipes, Marquess o' Mouth-glue, and Baron o' Bathing-
 rubs, for the support o' your rotten body politick, cost you yearly ? ha,
 Sir-Ragmanners, my intelligence comes from better men than you
 or your Master either. I met no less now (because you prate) then six
 Lords of my old acquaintance coming out of the field together all of a
 knot.

The.

The. What knot? a bow-knot?

Land. A bow knot saucy-chops; when did you see six Lords tyed of a bow-knot? ha! can you tye your nose of a bow knot? you had not best provoke me firrah; but so, here comes my man, now it shall be seen whether I am a lyer or no.

Enter Joanna and Alexey peeping.

Jo. How, not here! where did we loose her?

Al. I'll hold a wager the person we met in the Cloak was the Duke, and she went after him somewhere, and is lost in the crowd.

Land. Come, come Sir, you Mr. Peagoose that stand peeping there, pray Sir thrust in your nose a little further, I have some employment for you.

Jo. The Rogue will discover all my design, and render us suspicious to the Duke's servant, I am afraid, come in *Alexey* and help me to out-face the fool.

Land. Come Sir, did not you hear in the field, as much as to say, as if the Count was to be made King, and to marry the Princess? come answer directly to the point; why don't you speak Sir?

Jo. Who, me do you mean?

Land. I, you sir, who should I mean else?

Jo. I hear it, how should I hear it? was I in the field to day?

Land. Why, you impudent stinking lying Rascal, you won't tell me such a lie, will you?

Alex. You mistake me Landlord, and ha' met some body like him.

Land. No sir, I don't mistake; I can see, when I see, surely, I don't carry my eyes in a Hand-basket, and more then that, 'cause he goes to't, he's the very man, and no other, from whom I'de all this news now.

The. Is this your six Lords of a knot you Ninny? I see you can invent for a need.

Jo. Oh, a most grievous impertinent lying fellow, I'm so plagu'd with him sometimes!

Alex. Hark you Landlord, are not you troubled with a dizziness in your Noddle, a Megrim sometimes; I am afraid you eat too much mustard, and such hot things.

Jo. Some snush would purge your simple brain.

Land. A little more would make me run distracted, don't you tell me, o' your Megrims, your Snush, and your Mustard, a company of Rascals: Sirrah, did not I meet you coming out o'th' field, and I ask't you what news, 'cause I was loath to go farther, 'cause I was to go buy a pole o' Ling for the womens dinner that lie in my house here; and you told me all this bibble babble, and bid me go no farther, but go to my Lodgers with it, deny't if you dare firrah; I'll promise you if you do, I'll churn those Buttermilk-chops o' yours, and let your Master take it off; I care not if you and your Master both get out o' my house, I can ha' customers for my rooms.

Alex. Come, enough o' this Landlord.

Land. I han't enough Sir, I won't be made a liar on

The. Why, what a troublesome fellow art thou?

Land. And what a troublesome fellow art thou? I won't be born down by a company o' saucy Valets that are good for nothing but to twirle a whisker, and a shave the crown o' some Sir *Nicolas Empricate* his Master, and be kickt thrice a day for a cast suit, and Bread and Cheese.

Alex. Come Landlord, I perceive you are abusive; this is not to be endured, you must be corrected out o' this humor, it will be for your good another day; and now our Masters backs are turn'd, we'll make bold to give you a taste of our Parmesau.

The. And I'll give him one lick for the sake of his Corantoës: Come Sir, since you'r so good at Corantoës, pray let's see how you can dance a Coranto, come up with your news quickly.

Land. Rogues, you won't murder me, will you?

Theo. On the fourteenth instant, at the Port of Hucklebone, was drove in by storm a Vessel call'd the Royal Cudgel bound for back, bum, belly, noddle, or any part of the Kingdom of Coxcomb.

Jo. And near the same Port another.

Alex. And another laden with Snuth, for the cure of the Megrim.

Surg. They'll kill their Landlord.

Land. Rogues, Rascals, Thieves, will you murder me?

Why Surgeon, wilt thou stand by and see me

Murder'd? I'll lay my death to thee.

Surg. Pray Gentlemen—

Alex. How now Sirrah? do you prate, shaver o' shin-bones, Drawer of Gum-stakes, Grafter o' broken Stilts, Trappanner o' crackt Coxcombs, I'll teach you more manners,

Land. Murder, murder.

The. See our Lords.

Ex.
They beat Landlord and Surgeon off o' th' Stage, And enter Ladislaus and Paulina.

Lad. And is it thus? come *Theodore*, my Sword.

The. Oh heavens, what is't, I hear?

Land. Come Sir, I know they'r wrong'd, by the fond talking world: they'r constant, generous, they'r Angels, Angel's, not a pound o' flesh about 'um Sir; and doth it sting thy soul? crawl, crawl about *aside* his heart (thou Serpent jealousy) until he foames with poison.

Lad. Heavens! I fear something is strangely amiss with *aside* with the young Duke, he hath talk't all day at this distracted rate. What should the reason be? some secret sorrow sets heavy on him; but I'll take no notice, Come *Theodore*.

Theo. My Lord, upon my knees—

Lad.

Lad. No more, I'm wrong'd, abus'd, by my false friends,
And I will in, and dye in their defence,
Since they have lost their guard of innocence :
If in a cause so bad my blood is spilt,
I have revenge by adding to their guilt.

My noble Lord farewell, a thousand blessings *Lad. turns to Paul.*
Crown your sweet youth; and when you see the Prince ,
Do me the right 't inform him of my story ,
And recommend me to his noble thoughts ;
Tell him the dying Duke o' *Curland* begs
A place, a Monument in his fair soul ;
And so heaven blefs you both.

Paul. Oh ! oh, I faint.

She swoones

Lad. Now *Theodore*——

Farewel to thee, if I ne're see thee more,
Here take these Jewels, they are all I have
At present, to reward thy love and faithfulness ;
And now dear *Theodore*, when the day is done ;
And with it me, seek out my lifeless carcass
Among the dead, and give it a private Monument :
Let not my Princeesses insulting eye,
Find out where injured *Curland's* ashes lie ;
Lest the in scorn should visit him, and there
Profane my Tombe with a dissembled tear.

Ex.

The. My Lord, be sure I shall do this and more,
Ten thousand times, if I'm not dead before.

Ex.

Paul. Ha, is he gone ? and hath he left me thus ?
Ne're was false Lady so belov'd as she,
Nor any so unfortunate as me !

But see he is not gone, there there he stands,
Come here my kindest Lord, and kiss me once,
But once before I die, for I am going
V Where poor *Paulina* 'l trouble you no more.

Jo. Oh heavens ! her grief mislayes her noble reason, what shall we do

Alex. I'll run and kill the Villain.

Paul. *Alexey* see what shadow's that ?

Is't not a Coffin ? 'tis ; come lock me in,
I know not whether I am dead or no,
But if I am not, I would feign be so.

Alex. Oh, I shall run my sword into my self.

Jo. And I shall break my heart.

Paul. Sirs, lead me in.

V Well, since th'art gone, brave *Ladislaus* adieu,
I'de not have dealt thus cruelly by you ;
But I forgive thee, and when no one's by,
I'll pray for thee, then fetch a groan and dye.

The Fourth A C T.

*Enter Offolinsky, Caffonofsky, Lubomirsky: After,
shouts and acclamations without.*

The Scene an open field covered with Tents.

Offo. } **A**ll's our own, victory, victory.

Caffo. } Come, for the plunder of the Princes Tent.

Enter Demetrius and Battista.

Lub. But see Prince Radzeville, Commander of the Transilvanian horse; what news from the dead? did not I see thee fall under thy horse feet?

Caffo. Come, for the plunder of the Tent, brave Prince.

Offo. Move slow Devils.

Ex. Offo. Caffo. Lub. shouting.

Dem. Never did such a gale of fortune blow, I'll sail in tides of blood up to their Tents, and take the Duke o' Curlands Mistress prisoner, carry her to Moscow, and keep her captive till Poland ransomes her with Curlands blood; follow brave men.

Ex.

Bat. Go, 'tis in vain to hinder thee
When honour calls, nor will I stop thee now,
Although he fights, he knows not where, nor how.

Ex.

Enter Colimsky; the Scene continued.

Col. Must we not only fight with men, but Devils? Radzeville Commander of the Transilvanian horse, who fell by my sword, is mounted afresh, hath broke through all our Troops, and Stands o' Pikes, and flies like lightning to the Princes Tent, and doth greater things, now dead, then living. Pursue the Warlike Ghost; all, all to the Princes Tent—But see whole Troops of flame; *(A flame flashes through the Tents)* a thousand fiery Spears pierce every way, and a bright Cloud of fire breaks from the Town; what should it mean?

*Enter an Officer
running.*

Off. My Lord, to the Princes Tent, or she is lost.

Col. Teach me my duty you slave;
What means this flame?

*Strikes him with
his Sword.*

Off. It is some valiant stranger, but who I know not, that hath flown about just like a Fire-ship in Seas of blood to grapple with whole Fleets; and seeing the enemy flow all in Tides up to the Princes Tent, hath
set

set the Tents and all the Town on fire; and here with five hundred resolute Cavalry he comes to force his passage.

Col. Brave men, I'll lead the way to glory; all, all to th' Princes Tent. Ex.

Enter Ladislaus, Theodore, and followers with Flambeaux in their hands.

Lad. Come valiant men, let's give 'um brave diversion,
Let's set their Tents afloat in blood and flames,
And fill the Air with Clouds of humane ashes;
Set all on fire, the Town, the Tents, the Temple;
Spare not the very houses of Religion. Ex.

The. Brave Prince, how generous thy actions are!
Unseen he changes all the Scenes of warr,
And with a noble scorn he fights for them
Who both his courage and his love condemn;
These Glories must at last themselves betray,
And through all gloomy Clouds must pierce a way. Ex.

The Scene is chang'd to the Princesses Pavilion; A noise of arms, The women shriek within: And enter Hypolita, Emilia, Francisca running.

Hyp. }
Em. } Murder, murder, the Princess will be murdered.
Fran. }

Enter Sharnofsky defending the Princess, pursued by Demetrius, Ossolinsky, Cassonofsky, Lubomirsky, Battista, and Guard; the Women run about shrieking and crying murder.

Jul. Stand by Sharnofsky, I'll defend my self.

Shar. Madam, for heavens sake do not deprive me in the last moment of my life, of that which I have liv'd and fought for all this while;
For if without defending you I'me slain,
I loose my honour, and I die in vain.

Jul. That honour you shall have, but not alone,
Nor rob my courage Sir, to crown your own.

Shar. Oh! whether doth the rush? for shame ye cowards set not your swords against a Ladies breast, your Princess too: she bleeds; you saucy Villains, y've wounded a Divinity, th' Americans would have kneel'd and prayed to; ye Powers, what are ye all asleep above the Clouds? if ye are, lend me your thunder: oh! she's lost.

Oss. You are my prisoner Sir. to Shar.

Dem. You Princess, are mine. to Jul.

Cass. So now shall I have a full draught of revenge.

Dem. Now know fond Poles, I have deluded you; I am not Radzevile, but Demetrius, a Prince o' the Imperial house of Muscovy; a mortal,

an eternal enemy to you all ; I come to search your General, the Duke of *Curland*, who like a treacherous *Pole*, after I had took him prisoner, shew'd him kindness, hath stole my Princess, and I'll enslave his, and the next time I come, enslave you all : And now stand by me valiant *Transilvanians*, I'll give you all a hundred crowns a man.

Bat. Oh ! the good heavens, he betrayes himself.

Offo.

Cassio. } Ha ! what faith *Radzevile* ?

Lub.

Sbar. This is distraction.

Jul. Must I be carried then a slave to *Moscow* ?

Hyp.

Em. } Oh, the Princess ! oh, this *Russian* slave !

Fran.

Dem. drags her along.

Offo.

Cassio. } He's mad, he raves.

Lub.

Cassio. Hold Sir, cleave the Rebels head, slaves.

Fran. Heaven ! what stupid Lethargy hath seiz'd thee ? assist, unbind me, or else strike me dead, rather than torture me with such a sight.

Offo.

Lub. } Hold Rebel, Villain.

Offo.

Offo. My Lords, command all your men, Horse and Foot, to surround the *Transilvanian* Troops, and make 'em sling down their Arms, or dye. *Ex.*

Lub. Let all the *Cossacques* wheel.

Dem. Fire, give fire, a hundred of you stay, and guard the prisoners.

Bat. Oh ! the unruly fire that governs thee,
Where will it lead thee ? *Ex.*

Cassio. Now to guard the Prisoners shall be my work:

Jul. How am I made the sport and scorn of Fortune, abus'd by *Curland*, trampled on by slaves ; and now led bound to follow the Triumphant Chariot of Scarlet perjury ?

Sb. My soul is torn with grief and rage.

Cassio. Come then, I'll ease you both ; alas I pity you ; but chiefly you, good Princess : your kind Father I thank him eas'd me of many a burthen some employment ; and I in gratitude will ease your shoulders of such a weighty head laden with sorrow.

Hyp.

Em. } Oh bloody Villain !

Fran.

Call Off. Dem. Bat. bound.

Jul. Insolent slave ; dares such a thing as thee threaten a Princess life ?

Sbar. Barbarous Dogg, bring me but to him, I'll kick his dirty soul out of his body. *Cassio.*

Casso. I'll snap thy saucy head from off thy shoulders first. Guards kill the prisoners, I'll not allow the formality of praying; and he that asks what Orders I have for it, let 'um know, I wear my Orders by my side; this is my Cardinal, Senate, and my King, *shows his naked* off with their heads, his crooked Majesty commands it. *Faulchion.*

Shar. Thou Monster of mankind, hast thou no sense of pity or humanity, nor of thy own, nor of thy Countries honor, which such a horrid act will render infamous to all the world? here quench thy barbarous thirst of blood with mine, open all my veins, take my life, my fortune, honour, all I have, but spare, oh spare the Daughter of thy King.

Jul. No more my Lord, swell not the Villains pride by falling prone to it; Quick *Hypolita*, give me a Ponyard.

Casso. Fetch a Wrack, an Engine, I'll torter him to death: But ha! more sport, de'e come to put affronts upon the *(Enter Ossolinsky and Guard, with Demetrius, and Battista bound.)* Kingdoms.

Oss. In the face of the whole Army Sir, Ile cool your fiery insolence.

Dem. Yes, murder me you slaves,
I do deserve this punishment, and more,
That my revenge should be so low and poor;
I ought t' have set it at no lower rate
Then the whole ruine of your *Polish* State,
All of you huddled in one common doom,
Curland the Cipher to make up the sum.

Casso. Tame the proud Rebel; Guards; off with his head.

Oss. Hold, strike who dares, till I give the command!

Dem. Come Villains, level me right against the Clouds,
And then give fire, discharge my flaming soul
Against such saucy Destinies as those
As dare thus basely of my life dispose;
Then from the Clouds rebounding I will fall,
And like a clap of thunder tear you all.

Oss. VVell then Sir, since your spirit is so high,
Your head shall be as lofty by and by,
Yes, you'r exalted thoughts shall have their due,
Your head shall stand in both the Armies view.

Casso. Guards, are you asleep? cleave all their heads at once:

Oss. } Strike.

Casso. }

Lub. Hold.

Oss. }

Casso. } Count *Lubomirsky*, the news?

Lub. All's lost; I am in such a confusion I cannot speak, some Devil
in

in humane shape hath quite turn'd all the fortune of the day, hath fir'd the Town, the Tents, and here he's coming on waves of blood and flame.

Laffo. Hell take thee for thy news ; where is this Devil ?

Caffo. } The Gurads retire ; stand Villains, or you die.

Offr. }
Lub. Stand, cowardly slaves.

Dem. Is Fortune penitent ? *Battista* loose me.

Bat. I am bound too, Sir.

Dem. Are your teeth bound too, Sir ?

Sbar. Ha ! is the Scale a turning ?

A thousand crowns but for one hand loose.

Jul. Deliverance swift like lightning ! Heaven, I thank thee.

Enter Ladislaus driving the Gaurds before him, followed by Theodore, and Cavaliers.

Lad. Stay flying Cowards ; disparage not my sword,
Let it be said at least I fought with men.

Offr. }

Caffo. } We are lost.

they are taken prisoners.

Lub. }

Dem. And must I stand to be a thing of pity,
To receive the charity of this mans sword ?

Sbar. I blush at our own chaines, and this mans glory.

Lad. Secure the Lords, Madam, the Scene is chang'd,
You're all at liberty ;

And now my next great deed shall be

To set my heart at liberty from thee.

aside

Ex.

The. My noble Lord,

Thus through the field with unseen triumphs flies,

As souls make their Entradoes in the skies ;

Sure Heaven some mighty glory hath design'd,

At last to crown such an Illustrious mind.

Ex.

Jul. What Prodigy's this ?

Hyp. 'Tis your Angel, Madam.

Jul. A thousand Crowns to know him.

Sbar. A Warlike Fantome.

By heaven created for this exigence.

Dem. His haughty Valour hath affronted me,

Ile out and kill him for his insolence,

And when he's dead, Ile hug him for his bravery.

Exit.

Bat. To arms again ; thus doth his active soul

Leap from one danger to another ;

Here we destroy, and there we save,

As Vessels tost from Wave to Wave.

Ex.

Sbar. Let's out, and help to reap this glorious Harvest ;
But hark, a loud Volley of Martial shouts.

All

All } Long live *Juliana*, our Queen.
within. }

Sbar. Bless'd noise; your name is bandied in the Clouds,
 There's a victorious Tempest in the Aire;
 And see a thousand lights approach the Tent.

Casso. Oh cursed light! and cursed noise.

Enter Colimsky.

Col. Now Madam, all's our own; your enemies have all flung down
 their arms, some come to crave your pardon, others flie in multitudes to
 the Cardinals Tent; the Cardinal in transports of rage for his misfor-
 tune, confess his horrid villanies, and fled: I sent an Officer to conduct him
 to a private Grotto in a neighbouring Grove, pretendingly for his secu-
 rity; In the interim the croudes ris'd his Tent, and found the Crown
 conceal'd, and here they'r coming sailing along with shouts and accla-
 mations, resolving to repose it on your brow.

Jul. The weight's too great for me.

All } Secure the distracted State.
within. }

Col. The People grow impatient.

Jul. I'll sacrifice my self to appease the croudes;
 Heavens! never was such a turn of fortune known,
 From a Scaffold to a Throne,
 In one moment to be seen,
 A dying Captive and a Queen.

Ex.

Col. So now my good Lords you may be all at leisure for holy con-
 templations:

Sbar. Guards, see especially
 To that malicious Count,

Ex. Shar. Col.

Casso. I know your kindness, I need not go to an Astrologer to know
 my doom: What a long neck shall I have when my head's set upon a
 Pole on one of the City Gates.

Osfo. } This is the giddiness of Fortune.

*Lead away with Guard as
 prisoners.*

Lub: }

Enter Demetrius and Battista.

Dem. This way the Spirit went, and as it walk't I saw a kind of shape
 resembling *Carland*.

Bat. My Lord, your fancy in the heat of passion forges a thousand
 Images.

Dem. If 'twas his Ghost, I'll find out his abode; let it be Aire, Earth,
 or Fire.

Bat. If it walks any where, 'tis there amongst the Queens tryumphant Train

Dem. I hear 'um shout, I'll amongst 'um.

Bat. Hold Sir, pray let 'um not discover you for fear the *Poles* revenge
 th'affront you did their Princess.

Dem. Then I'll revenge th'affront the *Poles* did me.

Ex.

G

Bat.

Bar. Heavens ! what a task have I ? It is the same,
To bridle a tempest, or to steer a flame.

Ex.

Enter the Cardinal conducted by an Officer.

The Scene is hollow Rock in a Grove.

Card. Heaven! have mercy ! whither dost thou lead me ?

Off. I was commanded to conduct you hither ;
The Count will come to you here, and bring the news.

Card. He is a worthy friend.

Off. 'Tis dark and private,
Here you may lie with safety.

Card. Thus in a moment is my Sun gone down. *Enter a Gentle-*

Gent. My Lord, convey your self away with speed, *man running.*
All's lost ; your men are fled, your Tent is plunder'd ; the Princess
Crown'd, and all your friends betray you ; my Lord Grand Marshal's
coming with a Guard from the Queen to secure you.

Card. Then there's no trust in man.

Gent. This way Sir, hasten.

Off. Hold Sir, not so fast.

Card. Art thou set here to betray me too ?

Off. To guard you Sir.

Card. To guard me as a Victim for Sacrifice ; I am at last outwitted
in Villany.

Gent. Oh heavens ! Sir, you're lost, *from*
The Queen approaches ; heark the dreadful shouts,
A thousand streaming lights flow all this way.

Card. And let 'um come, I have a friend in private will not betray
me. *pulls out a Handkerchief*

Gent. A poisoned Handkerchief I fear.

Card. The little winding-sheet of all my glories ;
Ah ! had I studied but as much to gain
Heaven, as this world, I had not sweat in vain :
Instead of horrors that pursue me now,
Immortal Crowns had waited for my brow ;
But my amazing miseries now are
Beyond the aid of Penitence and Prayer :
To my own Idols I too long did bow,
To put that fawning cheat on heaven now ;
For he hath my Religion understood
To be but craft, and my devotion blood.
My heaven was t'ascend the Papal Throne,
Where to save others souls, I've lost my own.
And now, alas ! 'twere folly to deny
My self the pleasure to despair and die.

May

May all great men learn by my wretched Fate,
Never to stake their souls at games of State;
For though a while perhaps they seem to win,
They'll find at last there is no cheat like sin.

dies

Gent. He's gone; irrecoverably gone; his great souls fled,
And see a thousand lights usher the Queen;
She comes to see her mighty enemy
Lye a cold Statue prostrate at her feet.

*The Scene shuts upon the
Card. &c.*

*Enter Juliana Crown'd, Hypolita, Emilia, Francisca, Sharnofsky,
Colimsky, and Guards, at one end of the Theater, Paulina as mixt
with the crowd.*

Om. Long live *Juliana Queen of Poland.*

Jul. My Lords, I thank you for all this great honour.

Paul. I've stole from Count *Alexey* and *Joanna*,
To seek my Lord, and I'm afraid to find him,
Or with my Rival here, or with the dead;
If here I find him, I'm resolv'd he dyes,
Only to spoil the triumphs of her eyes;
But see, my servants come, I'll get away.

*aside**Ex:*

Enter Alexey, Joanna, and Landlord.

Jo. Heavens! where is she wander'd; and how came we to lose her?

Al. What do't thou do crowding in here? idle body, come help us
to look our Master.

Land. I look your Master, go hang your self with your Master.

Jul. What murmurings that?

Col. See Guards, what means that noise?

Land. No Rascals, I remember your Megrim, your Snush, and your
Mustard; I'll make you pay dear for that Mustard, it shall be costly
Mustard.

Guard. Oh! is it you Sir?

lays bold on Landlord

Col. Guards keep off the Rabble; take that rude fellow, clasp him
neck and heels.

Al.

Jo. Begone, quick, quick, and leave the Rogue i'th' Bilboes. *(Ex.)*

Land. Oh, good your Honour, I beseech your sweet Honour. *(Al. Jo.)*

Col. Sirrah, what's your business here?

Land. Nothing an't like your honour, but a couple of idle quarrel-
some Rascals that lie at my house, ha' lost their Master, and they'd make
me look for their Master; Now if they ha' lost their Master, I'm not
bound to make good their Master by no Law in Poland; I refer it to
your Honour.

Col. Get you about your business Sirrah, and make no references to
me.

*G 2**Land.*

Land. I thank your Honour, I believe your Honour knows me, don't you remember where you lay when your Honour kept the fat Lady, the Lady *Clumsky*? you could make references to her for all your pride. *aside*

Col. B-gone Sirrah.

Land. I thought I should put you in mind of a reference; *aside*
I've done an't like your Honour.

Jul. Now my Lords, what news of the Cardinal.

Col. Nigh to this part of the field is the Grotto where I commanded him to be convey'd, and see the Officer I sent to guard him.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lord the Cardinal.

Offo. Where is he?

Off. Dead.

Om. Dead.

Off. He lies so near, Torches may shew him you.

*The Scene is drawn, the Cardinal presented dead in a Grotto,
a Gentleman waiting by him.*

Land. Oh, bominable! kild? and is the Council o' *Trent*, and Pope *Paul* come to this? thou must know honest Guard I'm a merry man, and I us'd to visit this good man's back Cellar o' *Rhenish*, and then I call'd it the Council o' *Trent*, and there was a great Tun, great Grandfather, or Gossip at least to the great Tun o' *Heydelburgh*, and that I us'd to call Pope *Paul* the third, and there did the Beef-eaters o' the Guard and I—

Guard. Beef-eaters you Rascal!

Land. Sit in Council about the good o' *Christendom*, till at parting we did our reverences to Pope *Paul*, fall down and kiss his great Toe, the Spigot, and let the heavenly Benediction drop into our mouthes.

Guard. You'd have my Halbeard drop into your mouthes, would you Beef-eater, you saucy Cur?

Jul. A mournful spectacle; how died the Cardinal?

Off. Proudly as he liv'd; he would not sloop to pray,
Or if he pray'd, 'twas so, as he would seem
He expected heaven should first pray to him;
He gave up's glory, but with such a pride,
He scorn'd to keep it, since he was deny'd;
And though with death he found some little strife,
Rather then ask, he would resign his life.

Land. What a wicked fellow was this? oh, sye upon him I not say his Prayers when he died! how doth he ever think to come to good; my Lord, he was as arrant a —

Col. Guard——

Land. I ha' done, an't like your Honour.

Guard. Sirrah, I could find in my heart to Beef-eat you.

Jul. I'm sorry for his soul, but heaven's merciful I ah! had this great

mans

mans piety been equal to's wisdom, and his many other Noble Vertue he had been a man too glorious.

Land. Nay truly, he had as good a Study of Books, I'll say for that him, good old Authours, *Sack* and *Claret*, *Rhenish* and old *Hock*; come said I to the Library keeper, tap me *St. Gregory*, or that good old Father a tilt that looks like *St. George's Horse* back; take his Nag by the Spigot, and give our brains a leap, said I.

Guard. Thou hast a mind to be laid by th' heels with thy Pope *Paul*.

Land. I ha' done honest *Guard*.

Shar. He was too self admiring, and conceited
The Church and we did but his wisdom owe
All honours *Rome* or *Poland* could bestow.

Land. He was something self-conceited indeed, that's the truth on't.

Col. He had a soaring spirit.

Shar. Reaching wisdom.

Col. Unsatiable ambitious, and inexorable.

Land. He was a notable man.

Jul. No more my Lords; what he hath done, he's gone to answer for; then for the reverence we owe Religion, let him be interr'd with decency.

Land. And for the reverence I owe burnt *Claret*, I'll be at's Funeral.

Jul. Now all the Storms are past, the Winds are down,
The Waves transport me gently to a Crown:
Kind heaven smiles, and I am got above
All other Tempests but the World and Love:
And now I'll seek Religions flowry shore,
And be expos'd to all these storms no more.
My Lords attend me, and you all shall know
How I'll my person, and the Crown bestow. *Ex.*

Land. Well, I swear this is a delicate woman, I'd give all I am worth in the world I were a young Prince for her sake; I'd so jumble her and rumble her, I'd set her upon her head, and her heels, and kiss this end, and that end, and all in an honest way too.

Col. These words are of dubious and mysterious sense.

Shar. To a Cloyster I fear.

Hyp. My Lords prevail with her,
I can assure you she designs a Cloyster.

Col. Let's attend her to the Palace, and then meet in Council.

Ex. Om. Ma. Land.

Land. Well, it's a lovely Creature; I love her so well, I could be contented to be a little Shock for her sake, that I might lye in her lap, lick her lips, and be stroak'd, but hang't, it would but puff me up, I should be too proud and self-conceited: But here's a devillish fall in my wishes

wishes, now I think on't, from a Prince to a Pappy-Dog, but love is humble. Well now, there's a Harvest a coming, a Coronation; oh, what a crop of Dollars will I reap for my windows, and Belcony: I'll have a Rix Dollar for every quarry in my window, and a hundred for my Belcony; that is to say, fifty for my Bell, and fifty for my Concy. In all I'll have in currant Polish money,
A hundred Rix Dollers for my Bell-concy. Ex.

Enter Battista.

Bat. Heavens! I've lost him, whither is he wander'd?
What new Fury hath transported him?
But ha! the glittering of a naked Sword;
A person tall, and of my Princes stature,
Walking about, and hark I hear a voice!

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Heavens! I walk about here in the dark,
And hear the labours of departing souls;
A thousand airy formes flie round about me,
And fan me into cold and dewey sweats:
Oh! if my Lord be dead, would I were with him.

Bat. The place is inchaunted.

Enter Demetrius with his naked sword.

Dem. There the dying voice fainted away, by that old wall —
no lyar, that was an echo.

Bat. My Prince, some frightful Apparition leads him about.

Dem. What art thou that usurp'st the sacred name of my divinity?
Speak, or I'll turn a Ghost as thin as thee,
And torture thee. —

Paul. Hark, the Guards are near, I will avoid 'um, and go fetch a
Torch, and seek my Lord among the dead, in those pale Groves he is un-
kindly wander'd, t'avoid his poor Paulina. Ex.

Bat. Hark, the voice cries Paulina.

Dem. Paulina still; what saucy Spirit mocks me with that name?
could I but find thee, I'd tear thy aerial body into Atomes; and I'll
have light, or I'll fire this Grove, I, & set thee on a Rack of flame to make
thee confess, who, and what thou art? and a light comes from behind
that wall, a youth with a Torch, I'll run and fetch it.

Bat. He's grown distracted, I must speak to him Sir.

Dem. And dost appear at last!

Runs at Battista

Bat. 'Tis I; Battista Sir.

Dem. I know I might have kil'd thee so; I'm led about with voices,
groans, illusions; fetch me that Torch.

Bat. A fair and lovely youth walking among the dead; sure 'tis some
Spectre.

Dem.

Dem. Fetch me that Torch!

Joanna and Alexey run over the Stage.
Jo. There she is all alone walking with a Torch.

Al. Where?

Jo. Under that Tree.

Al. I see her, let's run, let's run to her?

Dem. Hark, a consort of voices.

Bat. Let's leave this dismal place? there's a Cabal of melancholly Spirits that haunt it; see two flying shapes come towards this youth.

Dem. I think the dead hold here their Rendevouze; heark, there are more come from yonder Grove? I'm tortur'd, plagu'd; fetch me the Torch I say?

Bat. Ex. and enter Lad. and Theo.

Lad. Now Theodore, press me no more,
I now renounce her, and her Sex for ever,
And now I've steer'd her safely to a Throne,
I'll leave her in her Ports, and to my own,
From whence the war she hath on me begun,
Shall now on all the world be carried on;
And captive Monarches shall of her complain,
And curse my injuries and her disdain,
Whilst I shall still by blood and slaughter prove
The scorn and hate I bear to her, and love.

Dem. Hold stand, what are you? *Battista, come with a Torch!*

Lad. Hark, the Perdues call to the Guard; I'll in my Chariot to Town; do you ride before, Theodore, and get Post-horses ready this night, I'll onward on my way to Curland. *Ex. Lad. Theo.*

Dem. To Curland! Ye Powers, stand, stand, come with the Torch you slave.

Enter Battista running, and layes hold on Dem.

Bat. Sir, Sir.

Dem. I see a Chariot, Villain stand by or I'll kill thee.

Bat. Are you distracted Sir? yonder's your Princess; I've overheard their talk.

Dem. Yonder's Curland's Chariot, and the slave holds me.

Bat. Ha! I see a Chariot, I'll after it, do you go to your Princess: here, here Sir.

Enter Paulina, Joanna, Alexey with a Torch.

Paul. Hark, I hear a voice.

Al. It is the Guards.

Bat. Here Sir, by all that's good, this is your Princess.

Dem. After the Chariot then, lie, Sir, a word with you. *to Paul.*

Paul. The Guards call to us, out with the Torch *Alex.*

Roul. Run, run; murder, murder.

Jo. Paul. run off.

Jo. *The Torch is put out.*

Al. Flee Madam, I'll make good your retreat.

draws

Dem.

Dem. Curse on my folly, I've lost 'um in the dark;
Bat. Ha, lost them and the Chariot both? curse on this rashness;
 here, here they flee, *both run confusedly crossing each other,*
and know not which way to take.

Dem. Here, here's a path.

Bat. I see the Chariot going straight to Town.

Dem. I see the shape flying on the wind before me, *both run off.*

The Last A C T.

Enter Battista.

The Scene a Hall.

Bat. **W**ith much ado I've overtaken the Chariot, and I'm so out
 of breath I cannot speak; ha, stop 'er, by that Belcony!
 this is our Lodging, it is, and see the persons coming out of the house
 with a light, where do they go, I'll watch 'um. *Ex.*

Enter Paulina, and Joanna.

Paul. Oh! I am faint with running, and tho' fright; where's Alexey?

Jo. He lay'd behind to guard us, but see he hath been here before us.

Enter Alexey.

Al. Oh! Madam, the Duke is newly alighted at the door, and on
 some news I know not what it is; He's gone straight to the Palace.

Paul. Heavens! what should it be?

Alc. They talk the Queen is gone into a Cloyster, some say to
 marry.

Paul. Oh! what comes into my head? *Joanna* slip to my Chamber,
 and get a Feather and a better Perriwig, and follow the Duke with all
 the speed you can.

Jo. I ruin, I ruin. *Ex.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Twas here they came; this was the house I'm sure; ho, ho, the
 house!

Enter Landlord beating his Strump.

Dem. Ha! my Landlord, what am I at home?

Land. You Rogue, you Dog, I'll kill you; Strah! I'll murder you;
 would not you tell me this before,

Ser. Murder, murder.

Dem.

Dem. Hold, come along with me quickly, shew me all your rooms; here's a Princess's lodges here.

Land. Don't tell me o' Princesses? the Rogue hath undone me.

Dem. Sirrah, come along, or I'll send your Soul before me.

Land. Sirrah, hold your prating, I've lost more than thee and all thy generation are worth; I've lost five thousand Crowns, and I'll stop it out of his wages, I'll not pay one of 'um a farthing, But what will that do? that's some fifty Dollars; what's that to five thousand Crowns? undone, undone.

Dem. Dog, I'll set fire on's house.

Land. Will you to Sirrah? a brave amends for my lo's; but Sirrah, I'll keep you fast enough for that, go quickly boy, run and fetch a Constable.

Dem. A Constable, Rascal.

Land. Murder, murder; ho! there Sirrah, come back again, I shall be kil'd: you bloody Rogue, will you murder me?

Ser. Good Sir, don't kill my Master.

Land. Hold him whilst I go run and fetch a Constable and secure his Cloakbag, and then I must to the Palace after this base cheating Duke. I've a pack of brave Lodgers; here's one young blade, that I'm much mistaken if he or his man be n't a Whore; and the Duke's run away and paid me no Rent; and this vapouring Jack would kill me, and then set fire on my house; brave doings, is't not? but I'll seage you all. *Ex.*

Dem. What Duke's that?

Ser. The Duke o' *Curland's* an't please you Sir.

Dem. *Curland*, where, where, quickly slave.

Ser. I chanc't to spy him, and came and told my Master, and for this he would ha' kil'd me.

Dem. Where I say, Villain?

Ser. Sir, he is just gone to the Palace; a young Gentleman that lodges here brought a Courtier that told him the Queen was to be married to night, and they are all run to the Palace together.

Dem. I'll make one o' the company, his soul shall dance Levaltoes, in the Aire at the Queens wedding. *Ex.*

Ser. VVell, I was a fool he did not let this Gentleman kill my Master, or fire his house, I would he had, -- teach him to belabour me for my good will. *Ex.*

Enter Ladislaus, Paulina, Joanna *dress'd like a Courtier*,

Alexey, Theodore, *at a distance* — Battista.

The Scene a Palace to the Street.

Bat. So, I have overtaken 'um, *aside*
And here's some great mysterious thing in hand,
The Duke hath some design about the Crown.

Lad. Knock at the Gate Theodore.

The. Indeed my Lord, this Courtier is mistaken; all say positively
H the

the Queen's resolv'd to resign the Crown, and go into a Cloyster, and that she spends this night among her Priests, and women in devotion to prepare for it; and now all the Lords of the Council are gone in to dissuade her.

Lad. Knock when I bid you.

Paul. Come good my Lord, do not expose your self to so much danger; the Gentleman's misinform'd.

Jo. Perhaps so Sir, I only told you what my sister, who is a Maid of Honour to the Queen, told me.

Theo. Your Sister!

Lad. My Lord, let it be true or false, I am resolv'd to be conceal'd no longer:

Thus to the sinful world revenge divine,

Moves gently on with paces slow as mine;

And Heaven stands behind the Clouds awhile,

And let's deluded man himself beguile;

And seems as if his Law he did not own,

But with brave scorn to let the World alone,

Till man grown impudent, begins to play

His Villanies in open Scenes of day;

Then strikes, strikes home, and then his arm doth fall

With such a weight, one blow may serve for all:

Thus my revenge I do a while retain,

That when I strike, I may not strike in vain.

Why dost not knock, *Theodore*?

Theo. I do my Lord, and none will answer within; he there, open the Gate!

Porter

wisbin

What would you have there? here can none come in.

Lad. Give the fellow forty crowns.

Theo. Here are persons of great quality, you shall have forty crowns to open the Gate.

Porter wisbin. Bear back there, Guard keep off the crowd.

People wisbin. Oh, pray Mr. Porter.

Paul. I dread th'event, I wish I had not done this.

Ex.

The. Take notice Sir, if any mischief befalls my Lord, you and your Dukes lives shall answer for it.

so Jo.

Ex. Theo.

Jo. Do you threaten Sir? — *Alexey.*

Ale. I hear the slave, let him have a care I don't cut his throat, and his Masters the worthy Duke.

Ex. Jo. Alex.

Bat. Ile after you all to see the meaning o' this.

Ex.

Enter Landlord.

The Scene continued.

Land. Now I warrant shall I ha' much ado to get into the Gate after this cheating Knave the Duke, I must speak 'um fair; *Porter*: honest old

old Crony, friend and fellow Souldier in the Wars o' *Bacebus*, open the door, my drunken Bulley.

Porter ? What saucy fellow's that ? get you from the Gate, Sirrah, or *within* } the Guard shall lay you by the heels.

Land. Oh, the Rogue, he pretends not to know me, he knows me well enough; why honest Bulley *Cerberus*, Corporal-turnkey, Squire o' the house, Nointer o' Page-bums, Engineer General o' double Locks, Spring-locks, Pad-locks, and Mouse-traps, open the Placket o' the house, call'd the Wickets, and let's in boy. Dost not remember the Council o' *Trent*, and Pope *Paul* the third.

Porter *within*. Prating Rascal! you've a mind to be laid by th' heels.

Land. Oth' cunning Rascal! he thinks I ha' company with me now, he's as cunning! but here comes my slaves; what ha' you set fire on my house yet?

Enter *D. metrius*.

Dem. How now, the Gate barr'd? open the door here.

Land. Nay, if I can't get in, I believe you'll hardly get in, for all your brave Cloakbag.

Dem. Open the door, or I'll set fire on't.

Porter ? De'e threaten Sirrah! Guard, out quickly, here's a Traytour *within* } threatens to fire the Palace Gate.

Guard Bear back there, let's come out;

People *within*. Oh, you crowd me.

Land. So, so, you have done finely, we shall have our brains knock't out; come, come, a spell quickly afore they come, I know the Rogues as well as if I were in the bottom of their bellies; come half a Dollar or so——

Dem. Open the door fellow, thou shalt have fifty Dollars.

Porter ? If I do let you in, you can't get into the Presence—the *within* } Guard-rooms are all crowded; I let in a Gentleman just now, and he stands in the crowd still.

Land. The Rogue begins to be plyable.

Dem. Open the door I say, here's my money.

Porter *within*. Bear back there, keep off the crowds. Ex. Dem.

Land. Now you can bear back with a pox to you, now you hear o' money; well, I see this money will make every thing bear back, and flie open. Ex.

One *within*. Ah Mr. Porter, we'll give a Rix-Dollar, betwixt four of us.

Porter *within*. A Rope between four of you.

*Enter Juliana, Hypolita, Emilia, Francisca, Colimsky, Shar-
nofsky, and a Priest.*

*The Scene a Room in the Palace; a Table with the Crown,
Scepter, and Regalia at one end, and Beads, and
Books at the other.*

Col. Well Madam, since we must despair to obtain,
VVe'l cease those pray'rs, which we thus make in vain;
For to our sorrow we confess it true,
This Kingdom hath not glory enough for you,
In those Celestial Crowns you'll only find;
Exalted glories equal to your mind:
VVe only beg you'll help the sinking Throne,
And save ten thousand souls besides your own:
For, Madam, whatsoe're your Priests pretend,
You may by Crowns, to Crowns ascend:
And Cells on Earth, will Cells in heaven find,
Large Crowns for mighty bounties are design'd.

Shar. And Madam, I but one thing will implore,
That when you address your self to the Sacred Altar,
You'll please to recollect upon what score,
You at those Altars have stood once before.
VWhen Vows with Vows, Altars with Altars jars,
It seems to breed in heaven a civil warr;
It is not for the Duke I intercede,
I now in the behalf of Honour plead:
Though to the sacred Church I freely bow,
No doubt they can absolve you from your Vow;
Yet with the reverence to their power is due,
Methinks I would have Honour do it too:
In other worlds Devotion may have bills,
I'me sure 'tis Honour that must save in this;
And generous Honour passes doom on none,
Till first their crimes are clearer than the Sun.

Jul. My Lords, on either side I've heard your pleas,
And very much resent your kindnesses:
But now my souls employ'd on things above,
Concerns of Empire, and much more of love,
As for the Duke I cannot censur'd be;
I quit not him, but he renounces me;
Nor for the Throne, I found it in distress,
And mildly leave it in the calmes of peace:
And now eternally I bid adieu
To Love, and Empire, to the Duke and you:

And

And here my Lords, I do your Crown restore,
And now retreat to what I was before.

Confessor. Great Victory; you Saints above make room,
A mighty Spirit doth in tryumph come.

Col. Hold Madam, e're you fall to great a weight,
And break in pieces our disjoynted State;
Rather then we will rush again once more
In the wild Chaos we were in before;

'Tis voted by us all, that you alone
Shall fix some person in our shaking Throne.
We swear Allegiance t' whomsoever you chuse,
Yea, and the death of him that shall refuse:
'Tis all our votes,

Om. All, all.

Jul. The trust is high, and great, and needs many solemn thoughts,
and you must give me some time to pause.

Confess. Madam, the better to compose your mind,
And fortifie your soul in these last conflicts
With earthly glory; please to rest a while,
We'll use the devout Ars of holy Church.

The Queen seats her self in a Throne; the Ladies stand in order on her right hand, and the Lords on her left, whilst a Chorus of voices sing.

The Song.

How nobly heaven doth receive
what're a pious mind
Is in Devotion pleas'd to give,
as if he Crowns resign'd;
The sacred Vowles with joy resound,
The Altars all with Roses Crown'd,
And the poor Saint in tryumph brought
To offer up one holy thought.
And if to that such honour's due,
What glorie's wait, (great Queen) for you?
Chorus. And if so, &c.

If heaven thinks an humble bow
to him devoutly meant,
Then we whole Hecatombes bestow
in one devout intent:

When Queens lay yowth and glory by,
To seek out Crowns of chastity:

Some

Some brighter Stars must sure compound,
 The Wreath wherewith her head is Crown'd
 For more than common Honour's due
 To Royal Saints, Great Queen, like you:
 Chorus. For more, &c.

Then blest be all my storms of love,
 (though they discourteous were)
 That on our peaceful shore hath drove
 a Saint, so Great, so Fair:
 Now let the Boy with all his train
 of griefs, go weeping back again;
 Whilst you set Sail before the wind,
 And leave this floating world behind.
 Till spooning gently on, and fair,
 You turn an Angel unaware.
 Chorus. Till spooning, &c.

Confes. Now that your royal soul is flown 'oft
 Upon the wings of Divine Harmony;
 We'll keep it there by holy representation,
 First of the vanishing glories of the world,
 Its splendid entrances, its shady Exits.

Enter two Queens followed by two Ghosts, they pass slowly
 over the Stage. Soft Musick.

Confes. Saw you those Royal Shadows pass the round
 With all the charms of Power and beauty Crown'd:
 Would not the glory which they did display,
 Make the world think none are so blest as they?
 Alas, had they but look'd on either side,
 They might have seen what would have damp'd their pride:
 Two pining Spirits that wete once as fair,
 Shewing with sighs where they must all repair:
 Such are th' unseen shadows that attend
 All earthly glory, and in those they end.
 Now the next thing that we shall represent,
 Is chaste Devotion, recluse Plety,
 It's humble entrances, its glorious Exits.

Enter two Nuns clad in white, follow'd by two Angels Crown'd,
 They pass as the former.

Confes. Saw you those Virgins pass in holy state?
 Observe how Angels on their Triumphs wait;

Their

Their Souls are as their Beauties fair and bright;
 Their thoughts are as their garments pure and white;
 Their dreams are Visions, and their breath is Pray'r
 They'r fasted into Spirits thin as Aire;
 Nor can you them from holy Angels know,
 Since these are Nuns above, and thy below.
 And now you in a solemn dance shall see,
 How all these move to Divine Harmony;
 Confus'dly mixt each in their several States,
 VValking around the changes of their Fates;
 The world is a great dance in which we find
 The good and bad have various turns assign'd;
 But when th' have ended the great Masquerade,
 One goes to glory, to'ther to a Shade.

They all dance.

Colim. VVhat tumults that?

Enter a Gentleman

2 Gentle. My Lords, here is a person of unknown quality desires admission;
 by his habit we conjecture 'tis the same that fought to day ith' head of all
 our Troops, and sav'd the Count and Princess in the field.

Offo. He's highly welcome; let him have admission.

*Enter Ladislaus disguis'd, followed by Paulina, Joanna, Alexey,
 Theodore, at a distance, Battista, all the Lords bow to Lad.*

Lad. It seems the Bridal Masque is done.

aside

Bat. So, I ha' crowd'd in among the rest,

aside

To see th' event of this mysterious business.

Jul. I have consider'd on't, my Lord *Sbarofsky*, heaven and your
 own merits design you for the Crown.

*She takes the Crown off the Table, and presents it to Shar. who
 seems to refuse it, and the Lords to constrain him.*

Lad. Ye Powers!

aside

The. VVhat Tragedies will here be streight?

aside

Paul. She's false indeed.

aside

Shar. Great Madam.

seems to refuse

Lords. Kneel, and receive the Crown.

Shar. kneels

Lad. Ha! is it so?

aside

Then now I see, I have not been deceiv'd,

Sbarofsky, as thy glory, so thy fate,

Is very near, and thus succesful villany;

Heaven let's it to the top of glory come,

Then (draws) thus strikes it dead with unexpected doom.

Sbarofsky draw, there's one obstruction more lies in your way to all your
 glories; the Duke o' *Curlands* Sword:

Om. The Duke of *Curland*!

Lad. draws and discovers.

Jul.

Jul. Ye Powers! the Duke! I faint *Hypolite*, swoons in her woman's arms
Emilia hold me?

Hyp. Help the Princess.

Shar. The Duke of *Curland's* Sword; and can that Sword
 Be set against my breast? for what is this?

Lad. That shall afford us talk in th'other world,

Shar. I fall.

*Shar. falls: The Guards kill Treason,
 and run at the Duke: Collinsky interposes.*

Col. Hold Villains! 'tis the Duke your General; what cursed Devil
 poyson'd the Dukes soul with jealousy of his brave friend?

Theo. What fatal work is here?

Paul. Oh heavens! *Joanna*, what have we done?

Est. What should this Tragical confusion mean?

Jul. What Vision have I seen? where am I?

Am I awake? or is't a Martial dream?

See, the Count bleeding? who hath done this deed?

Lad. And dost thou then lament him to my face?

Oh thou Apostate shame of Royal blood;

Is this thy gratitude for all the Martyrdoms

I've suffered for thy love? 'Tis I have done it and done it

To revenge my injur'd love. — And I but just should be,

Now I have punish'd him, to punish thee;

But that, alas, 'twould be so poor a deed,

My very Sword would scorn to make thee bleed;

And if my passion should the thing request,

'Twould turn in rage against his Mothers breast.

No, I shall leave thee to a higher doom,

And now go waite thy lover to his Tomb.

Jul. Ha! doth he go? and leave me thus in scorn, (proffers to go
 Guards, stop the Traytors! I'll revenge my honour, and the Counts
 blood; in the interim, carry him out, and use your utmost skill and care
 about him

Col. Madam, he breathes, and while there's life, there's hope, Guards
 stop the Duke. *They carry out Shar.*

The. She'll kill the Duke; but I'll not long survive him.

Jul. *Curland*, thou dyest; but first thou must explain

The Mysteries of this thy proud disdain,

Say then, what Fury did thee hither send,

To wound my honour, and destroy thy friend;

For none in *Poland* hath this treason wrought,

Nor dare they wound my honour with a thought,

Lad. None dare, 'twere Sacrilege to make it bleed,

None but your valiant self dare do the deed;

And you are grown to that insulting height,

You scorn the modest whispers of the night:

Trumpets must speak, and Banners must display,

And to your Lovers arms you fight your way.

Jul. This is distraction.

Col.

Col. His *Russian* bondage hath mislaid his reason.

Jul. He's mad.

I once to punish him had an intent,
And now I pity him, and those thoughts repent :
And yet it may be those distractions are
Only th' effect of pride, and wild despair:
The sinner finds he's damn'd, and prays in vain,
And now by blasphemy would ease his pain.

Lod. Yes, as a man damn'd by a false Religion,
When he finds all his piety in vain,
Doth curse his gods, and wish he had liv'd profane ;
So all my merits lost, I now repent,
That I have been so fondly innocent,
That I in *Muscovy* so vain should prove,
In seeking Crowns and Armies for thy love ;
And cruelly my heart refus'd to give,
To one who wanted it, that she might live.

Jul. What then it seems thy killing eyes have there
Done many murders too, as well as here ;
And what if I thy triumphs should disgrace,
And in a grave should hide thy conquering face,
Where Ladies hearts it might no more surprize,
Nor women be in danger of thine eyes ?

Sbarofsky's blood forbids to let thee live :
Yes, *Curland* thou shalt dye, it shall be seen
In this one glorious act, I am a Queen ;
And let thy Sovereign title plead thy cause,
Let *Poland* talk of privilege, or Laws,
In this great doom I uncontroul'd will be,
And trample on the State, their Laws, and thee :
And let the glory of thy Fate contain,
And summe up all the glory of my reign.

Guards, kill the Duke ; hold, but kill him so,
That he may live within an hour or two :
Methinks I now a little weakness find,
And my heart tells me, I would feign be kind :
Fool that I am ; I weeping melt away
Even all the Crowns, and Triumphs of the day :
The Conquerour doth quit the field and fly,
Whil'st the proud captive stands insulting by ;
That ever I should play so weak a part,
To be entic'd thus to resign my heart ?
A heart, design'd for things so far above
The petty troubles and concerns of love :
Yet now led captive, can so prostrate be,
To worship him, who ought to worship me :

But for these follies I'll my self dethrone,
 Forgive his sins, but will chastise my own:
 Lead to the Chappel; I'll to night—

Con. Hold Madam, your soul's disorder'd, it must be calm'd with penitence and prayer, before you can be fit.

Jul. I cannot help it, I am but woman.

Lad. Hal and have I wrong'd her?

What cursed charm hath lead me in this maze?
 Surely I have been abus'd, young Duke of Novogrod,
 Have you not told me lies? I fear you have,
 And done it to revenge your friend the Prince.

Bar. Hark, he calls my Princess Duke of Novogrod.

Jo. Discover to him—

Al. Madam, undisguize; and let the Duke affront you if he dares.

Paul. Yes Sir, I've led you in this maze of jealousy;
 And done it to revenge my injur'd honour,

On. A woman!

Jul. A woman!

Paul. Yes, and a Princess Madam,
 Great as your self by birth, greater in misfortunes;
 The daughter of the mighty *Czar of Muscovy*,
 Become a wandering Pilgrim, hidden lies
 In the poor Hermitage of this disguise;
 By *Curlands* treachery, now brought so low,
 I even am asham'd my self to know.

Bar. Now I perceive the Mystery.

Lad. The Princess *Paulina*,

Paul. And dar'st thou mention then *Paulina's* name,
 And proudly stand without remorse or shame
 Because in war thou hast a captive been,
 Wilt thou in spite, thy victories begin
 On Vertue, on Religion, Love, and me,
 And hate my name, because I pitied thee?
 When all the world forsook thee, I alone
 Bestow'd thy life, and made thy chains my own;
 Yea more, so fondly I betray'd my flame,
 At thy petition, I thy wife became,
 When Crowns lay at my feet, I married thee,
 Who hadst no Armies, Crowns, nor liberty;
 Yet promis'd one, but meant in that above,
 A Crown of Martyrdom, for injur'd love.
 Yet after all, (perfidious man ;) to fly
 And leave me in thy Chains condemn'd to die?
 And when I found thee, basely to disclaim
 Thou hadst relation to *Paulina's* name?

Know Duke, I do abhor thee, and to day,
 This Hand, this Steel, had ta'en thy life away,
 But that some power did the blow withstand,
 And when I proffer'd, did withhold my hand;
 But my revenge now alters its design,
 The death it aim'd at thee, now shall be mine,
 Not that I dye, because I grieve to part,
 But thus to punish my rebellious heart.

Jo. } Oh, she hath hurt her self; Oh, Madam; Madam:
Al. }

Offers to kill her self, but Jo. Al. snatch the Dagger.

Paul. What means this cruelty? Oh, let me die:

Bat. I now perceive the maze in which they wander;
 Oh, I have been too slow in my discovery.

Jul. And have I wept and bled for this?

Lad. What cursed Fantome did abuse my shape?

As ever, heaven, thou'lt regard to truth
 Or innocence, now by thy thunder shew
 If it was I, that wrong'd this Lady so.

Jo. Oh horrid, horrid!

Al. Oh immortal Powers! and can you suffer this?

Jul. Prodigy!

Con. Oh! Madam, rule your haughty passions,
 There is a Ring of Angels made about you,
 To see how you'll come off in this great combat.

Jul. And let 'um make a Ring—they to themselves
 The pleasure of revenge would not deny,
 Were they but flesh and blood as well as I.

Bat. I must reveal in time, before more mischief ensues.——

Royal Madam——

Jul. Ha? what art thou?

Bat. I'm one, whom if you please
 Can in one word rectifie all mistakes.
 'Tis a deceitful marriage then breeds this
 Confusion; the Princess was not married
 To the Duke, but to my Prince *Demetrius*,
 He who to day was (Madam!) in your Tent
 Condemn'd to die——

to Jul.

Lad. My innocence is clear'd by Miracle.

Paul. Is Prince *Demetrius* here? and did he abuse me so?

Bat. Madam, he ventur'd on so grand an enterprise,
 Partly t' allay the torment of his love,
 And partly for revenge upon your Father,
 Who having promis'd you, as a reward to him,
 For taking the Duke prisoner, slighted his Royal word,
 Upon the news of the King o' *Polands* death,

And proffers you to the Duke, with a great army,
Only in hopes to make you Queen o' Poland;
The Duke indeed did nobly slight the proffers.

Jul. So Count *Sbornofsky* said.

What have I done to wound that gallant man?

Bst. My fiery Prince resenting the affront,
As proudly as the Emperour did his,

Twixt rage and love, did by a wile entice you

Unto the Castle where the Duke was prisoner,

Pretending danger, penitence and love,

And (if you if you remember) married you in the dark,

Because he would not trust (as he pretended)

The Priest himself with such a dangerous secret.

Om. Amazement!

Bst. And ere you could discover the mistake,

You fled away in a fright, and ere you went,

Brib'd the Cipier for the Dukes liberty;

Then he in innocence forsaking you,

And you as innocent in pursuing him,

Occasion'd this unhappiness.

Col. Heavens, 'twas this the Cardinal took advantage on to breed all this disorder.

Om. Now all's come to light.

Paul. How have I been abus'd? unhappy I, born to misfortunes.

Bst. See, my Prince is here!

Enter Demetrius and Landlord struggling with the Guard.

Lad. I think my Landlord, the Prince perhaps was the other stranger lodg'd in the same house: petty humour of fortune!

Land. Come honest Cardinal *Bembo*, dost thou not remember (so the I made thee a Cardinal at the Council o' Trent, (Guard

Hast thou forgot Pope *Paul's* great Toe, boy?

Dem. Slave, shall I stay here all night?

Guard. Well what would you see? all's done.

Land. Nay, I told you I'd get you in, if any body could; the Rogues all know me as well as a beggar knows his Clap-dish.

Dem. *Curland*, have I found thee? 'tis not thy friends, draws Nor the Queens Guards that shall protect thee.

Bst. Hold Sir, all's well. holds Dem.

Dem. Not till *Curland* or I fall.

Land. Why, what a mad fellow's this? draw in the presence; why Sirrah, do you know where you are, you malapert lad you? I shall be hang'd for bringing in a quarrelsome Jackanapes, if I had known, I would ha' kept him at home, I warrant him.

Bst. O! hold, and turn your eyes on that sad object that there lies weeping, bleeding for your crimes.

Dem. My Princess, I'm in a trance; oh bloody Vision! what cursed hand hath done this wretched deed? - *Paul*

Paul. 'Tis you have done it, oh *Demetrius*,
How have you injur'd me? what horrid dangers
And miseries have you expos'd me to?

Land. This young man hath been in a scuffle, I see.

Paul. I'de lost my life under my Fathers anger,
Had it not been for this good Count *Alexey*,
Who had the charge of me, and help't me away;
And now in passion I have cha'd the Duke,
Thinking him guilty of forsaking me
His lawful Wife, and made him kill his friend,
Injure his Princess; and had fallen himself
By my revenge, this Steel had pierc't his breast;
But heaven to whom his innocence was known,
Thus made me turn the blow against my own.

Land. What's the meaning of all this blind story?

Dem. And have I injur'd thus the Duke, and you?
What miseries, what torments are my due?
First by some slave, or Villain, let me dye,
And when I'm dead, then stab my memory.
By my own hand, or your's, to dye, would be
A death too brave for such a Fiend as me:
And when I'm buried, to my Grave repair,
And throw in scorn my ashes in the air:
But lest you prove unjust, and pardon all
My horrid crimes, thus at your feet I fall.

(*profers to fall on his sword, and is prevented by Ladisl Paul. Bar.*)

Land. What art mad? wilt thou kill thy self, sweetheart? blest me,
he makes my heart ake; take the sword from him, lie upon't, who lets
such young fools ha' swords, that don't know how to use 'um?

Paul. Hold Prince *Demetrius*! live, your wife *Paulina* doth beg it of
you.

Land. Your wife *Paulina*; what, I warrant this young man is that
young mans wife; why sure my house was enchanted to day, lodg'd
Princes, and Dukes, like Mummings and Masqueraders; and Women and
Wenches in mens cloathes, and Cloakbags, and scufflings, and they kill
one another. and they'r alive again, and this, and that, and I know not
what; here's work indeed.

Dem. And can you pardon me my kindest Princess?

Paul. Yes, my dear *Demetrius*, I have charity enough to pardon you,
and vertue enough to love you.

Dem. Blessed minute; I shall dye with happiness.

Al. And I with joy.

Al. weeps

Dem. Now generous *Ladislans*, can you forgive me?

Lad. My Princely friend.

Land. I, — hug, — but you'r but a couple o' Knaves both on you.

Paul. Great Madam, may not we embrace, as well as our dear Lords

Jul. Yes Madam, and perhaps with an affection as generous as theirs
Om. Celestial sight!

Col. The Charm that rais'd this 'n tempest confusion
 Is now undone, the horrid Spectre's vanish;
 All ends in friendship, let it end in glory;
 Love now is Crown'd, let honour be so too;
 Let's place the Crown upon the head of him
 Who in a thousand fields hath purchas'd it.

Land. With all my heart truly, though I must tell you, you're none of
 th'honestest to run away and pay me no rent. *aside*

Col. Great Duke, it is decreed you are our King,
 And you our Queen. *to Jul.*

Om. Long live *Ladislaus* King of *Poland*, and Duke of *Curland*.

Om. Long live *Juliana* Queen of *Poland*, and Dutchess of *Curland*.

Lad. My Lords, we thank you all for this great honour,

Jul. And shall endeavour still to make this Crown
 Rather the Kingdoms glory than our own.

Land. Your humble servant, no body questions it; well now an't please
 your Majesty——

Lad. Go, I forgive thee.

Land. Forgive me; thank you heartily: I come to dun him for money,
 and he cries he forgives me; right Courtier I faith; but if you forgive
 me, I won't forgive you: in the first place, for cheating me of five thou-
 sand Crowns, but that I'll take no notice of (*aside*) Why Sir, for my
 Rent, and several other courtesies, as procuring, conniving, angling for
 Trouts; no courtesie in this age; come, come Sir, a feeling, a feeling, and
 I'll take no notice, otherwise my tongue doth naturally hang so loose,
 —but nothing is better for it than a little *Aurum Potabile*.

Lad. This fellow is strangely impertinent.

Land. Besides, do I deserve nothing for my honesty for concealing
 you? I knew you well enough.

Lad. I doubt Landlord, if you had, my head had not stuck fast upon
 my shoulders.

Land. It may be Sir, if I had been put to a great straight indeed, I
 might have borrowed a little money upon your Nose, or so——

Lad. Rid me *Theodore* of this fellow, and give him a hundred Dollars.

Land. Thank your Majesty.

Enter one of the Guard who whispers *Colinsky*.

Col. Sir, the *Grand Marshal* and the other Lords desire to have ad-
 mission to your Majesty t' implore your Grace and pardon. *to the King.*

Lad. Bring them in.

Enter Guard with *Offolinsky*, *Cassonofsky*, and *Lubomirsky*
as prisoners.

Offo. Heaven Crown your Majesty with a long and happy
Casso. Reign.

Jul. Oh my good Lords; what ha' you chang'd your tunes?

But

But you poor men sung but the Cardinals Notes:
 My Lord, forgive 'um. Thou malicious Count
 That wouldst have murder'd me in my Tent to day
 And mixt my blood with my great Fathers ashes,
 Know slave, some of my Guards shoud strike thee dead,
 But that thy very baseness saves thy head.
 Who merits my revenge and hate, must prove
 As brave and great, as he who gains my love.
 I pardon thee, retire out of my light——
 And now go home, repent thy crimes and see
 If heaven will be generous like me.

to Caffo.

Lad. My Lords, you have your pardons; your Lives and Fortunes we shall not touch, your Offices and Governments we must bestow on men of better maxims: Count *Colimsky*, the Batton of Grand Marshal we confer on you: Their Governments and Palatinates we shall consider of.

Paul. I'll beg a command of the King for you, good Count *Alexey*.

Alex. No Madam, I'll serve none but your Highness; let me but live in your favour, 'tis all the glory I am ambitious of.

Caffo. Now will I go home and hang one half of my Slaves, starve the other; kick my wife out o' doors, be drunk nine and fifty hours together, breed a routiny at home, and a Rebellion in the Kingdom; and at last loose my head for my pains, and there's an end of good Count *Cassonofsky*.

Lad. Now let us all go visit my brave friend.

Enter a Gentleman

Gentle. Great Sir, I now came from him, his wound is search't, and is found not so dangerous as first was fear'd; at his return to sense, he seem'd amaz'd, as having lost all memory, how he came wounded so, nor was he concern'd, but only enquir'd about the Queens health.

Lad. Brave friend!

Jul. The Count was ever generous.

Om. Lights for the King and Queen.

Lad. Thus do our Fortunes lead us blindly on,
 And to be happy we are first undone;
 And thus the mighty storms have all combin'd,
 To cast thee on the shore which I design'd.
 And now I'm blest with happiness above,
 My own ambition with a Crown and Love.

F I N I S.

The EPILOGUE spoken

by Paulina, and Landlord.

Land. **N**OW Gentlemen, a word.Paul. **H**ow now, you Louts,
What are you speaking?Land. Now th'ast put me out,
I know not what it was.

Paul. Ob, I can tell!

The Epilogue; yet it becomes you well,

You Gentlemen! and why I pray to them,

What do the Ladies merit no esteem?

Good Sirs! I know not whether 'tis your due,

But Poets still direct themselves to you:

Don't the Foppes know in this and every age,

'Tis beauty rules the World, much more the Stage,

When you ha' done your best, the Fiddling Clowns

Lye at the mercy of the Ladies frowns:

And not a Critick of you all but knows,

No reparties are half so sharp as those.

Land. Why presbee, 'twas the women wits I meant,

'Tis not the men I'm sure that pay my Rent;

For they are grown so Hea'ring now a days

They kick my Customers, and downe their Plays,

That I am ruin'd by your Critick Blades;

What dee think I keep Fiddlers, Men, and Maids,

For nothing? and besides that dreadful charge,

I'm building a new house that's brave and large;

If you'r so curious as y'ave been before,

I must e'en lay the Key under the Door.

Paul. Presbee bz done?

Land. No Sir, I've more to say;

Than if the Liquor I ha' brack't so day

Be good, commend it, but if it be dull,

I'faith e'en damn it, and ramme your belly full.

Paul. Away rude Fool! fair English Diett then

Sense of Ladies, lower House of Men,

I humbly pray decree before you go

If Marriage like mine be right or no,

At least resolve in pity of my pain,

To sit to morrow on the same again.

FINIS.

